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Young and Reckless

"I do hope Stewart will think I look nice," Prue said wistfully.

PRUE dropped the telephone receiver back into its cradle as if it had suddenly grown too hot to hold. What had she said! She caught the tip of her tongue between her teeth in sheer exasperation at herself, quickly lifted the receiver again.

Stewart, a little stunned, might still be at the other end, in which case she could recant with a laughing, "Darling, I was only joking." But the only answer to her wild "Hallo" was the tranquil purring of the dialling phone.

She ran back upstairs and hopped, shivering, into bed. Instead of the lumpy day-bed of the suburban boarding-house where she lived, it seemed as though she were squirming black-stockinged legs under the slippery school desk beneath the pained gaze of her teacher.

She could hear her say: "Prue, if only you'd think before you do these ridiculous things. You're so imprudent, child. Try to think of your own name—Prudence, that is what you need."

The feeling that the end of the world—her world—was in sight hardened. It had been lodged in the pit of her stomach for over a month.

The instant she had heard that "now-let's-face-the-worst" tone of Stewart's, she knew that he had screwed his courage to the point at which he had sufficient to tell her that he couldn't or wouldn't marry her.

She twisted the engagement ring with its three diamonds set in a row, and then experimentally slid it off the place it had occupied for eleven months. The sight of her finger decorated only by a white circle of untanned skin sent the tears spilling over her eyelids.

Stewart had fallen out of love with her. She alternately bored and maddened him, sending him into long disapproving silences out of which she sought to cajole him by remarks, each of which grew sillier than the last, until she, too, lapsed into a silence—of desperation.

He had telephoned her at 7:15

a.m. and said with scarcely any preamble: "Prue, I want to talk to you, can you manage lunch?"

"Lunch?" She sighed under her breath and admitted defeat. "All right."

"Where shall I meet you?"

And then it had leaped buoyantly to the surface, that little spring of impulsiveness that she had thought was safely buried for ever, and she had horrified herself by saying: "Stewart, let's go to the Savoy. I've always wanted to. I'll meet you there at a quarter to one."

Before Stewart had time to hedge or refuse, she had rung off, already beginning to flush with shame.

Stewart couldn't afford to take her to the Savoy for lunch, even if it were the last meal he was ever going to buy her. Then why had she suggested such a thing? Because of a forlorn, rather desperate belief that something she had wanted to do for so long couldn't materialise

love for Stewart and the house-to-be were wings that carried her past shop windows, or, when she did go inside, bore her into linen and hardware departments. She thought of the grey flannel suit she had sacrificed for two pairs of sheets, the white sandals she could have possessed if she hadn't bought a pressure-cooker . . . and the tears fell like raindrops into the bath water.

The furious knob-rattling of a retired colonel brought her out of her morbid self-analysis. She splashed violently to give encouragement to the colonel that his one-man queueing was about to be rewarded. When she opened the door, the colonel, who abhorred females in dressing-gowns and slippers, was seeking to bury himself ostrich-wise in a shallow alcove.

Prue dressed dry-eyed, though the sight of her savings book in her handbag as she put away her lipstick brought the tears within tasting distance. It showed a respectable balance of hard-saved money to her credit, saved for a wedding day she might never see.

Breakfast over, she was still half an hour ahead of her usual time. She walked to the next bus stop, and the sun, a bonus from the summer, showed up the worn nap of her coat, the cracks across the toes of her shoes.

Abstractedly, she stared at herself in a shop window and stopped. No hat. Her hair blew untidily away from her scalp. She must have a hat for lunch. She turned and crossed the road to a hat shop into which she had gazed delightedly in days when money was something to be spent to-day instead of always being saved for to-morrow.

There was only one hat in the window, composed, for that was the only word for it, of pink and black regency striped ribbon. The price the milliner told Prue startled her. Prue thanked her and made for the door.

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By MARY SARGEANT

at the precise moment that her future was torn into bits before her eyes.

Even Stewart, who when he got his teeth into a thing never let go, couldn't jilt her over lunch at the Savoy . . . or could he?

She dabbed her eyes on the corner of the sheet and slid her feet to the floor. It was half an hour before the time she usually got up, but she knew if she stayed in bed she would only cry her face into a nasty, sodden little pudding.

She lay back in her bath, thinking over the events of the past month. What had she done, where had she gone wrong, that Stewart no longer wanted to marry her? It wasn't as if she hadn't been good. She had. No impulsive actions, no reckless spending, at least not to speak of.

When they had first become engaged, Stewart had worked out on fine ruled paper an impressive-looking budget, so much of their joint incomes for current living expenses, a teeny bit for pleasure, and the balance put by towards the house that was to be theirs one day.

With rare exceptions, Prue had stuck to that budget. Her

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THE

milliner, who had purple hair and a persuasive voice, called her back. "My dear, you've ten years to wait before you can wear a hat like that. It's much too old for you. Let me show you something more your style, younger and less expensive."

Prue was caged in a little mirrored alcove. A moment later the woman came back with what appeared to be an armful of exotic and over life-sized blossoms. One by one she placed them upon Prue's head, and Prue frowned at them, turning over in her mind whether Stewart, who hadn't seen her in a hat for months, would fall in love with her all over again if she appeared before him crowned in lilac and tulle, or with twin white doves nesting in strawberry-pink straw.

"Now this," the milliner whipped up from the floor a tiny brown velvet hat on which, among a swirl of veiling, nestled four lime-green roses, "is your hat."

Prue smiled at it tenderly and hopefully, adoring it on sight. It cost her six guineas, but as she walked out of the shop with it on her head she thought if it made Stewart fall in love with her again, or even postpone jilting her, it was worth it. If it didn't, the fact that she was six guineas poorer would be a pitifully small grief in a world in which she would be left deserted.

When she was within sight of the office she was struck by the memory of the week she was due to spend at home, a week left over from her summer holiday. She stopped, held perfectly still by a vision of her mother, the first meal over, hands folded happily in her lap, saying, expectantly: "Now, Prue, dear, tell me all you've bought since you were home last. Did you really get the pressure-cooker?"

She couldn't face it. She wouldn't... those gentle but totally unjust implications that this broken engagement had been caused by another of those foolish acts of which her parents considered she had been guilty since babyhood.

Next door to the office was a travel agency. She would go in and ask for the name of a quiet private hotel on the South Coast, where no one would demand unending explanations as to why Stewart had suddenly decided he didn't want to marry her.

But she was sidetracked and finally betrayed out of her modest intention by a blue folder in a rack near the door, which informed her that Switzerland was at its best in the winter. She came out having signed a form which committed her to a week's holiday in Interlaken and gnawed a frightening hole in her savings. Only a swift retreat saved her from accepting the suggestion of the young man behind the counter that she should go by air.

She walked into the office feeling a little dizzy. Supposing the hat made Stewart change his mind! She'd never dare to tell him that she was going to spend all that money on a week's holiday. She'd have to throw herself on the mercy of the young man in the travel agency... but supposing he wouldn't allow her to cancel the holiday.

Betty, with whom she shared a room, gave a little coo of surprise at the sight of the hat. Prue, her spirits rising—after all the jilting wasn't yet a fact—explained why she had bought it, and Betty, who had a face like a rather pink full moon, begged, "Can I try it on?"

"Of course," Prue wanted to see it on someone else. After a moment, disappointment in her eyes, Betty took it off and handed it back to Prue. "It's a beauty," she said, "but somehow it doesn't look right on me."

Rather anxiously, Prue put it back on her own head. But this time it didn't look right on her either. Fiddle with it how she would, she couldn't get it to look as it had done when

Young and Reckless

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the woman in the hat shop had placed it with such disarming casualness upon her head.

Their twitching and tilting was interrupted by Miss Harris, who was as neat and streamlined as a hair-pin. Her faultless clothes and blase manner filled the younger girls of the office with grudging admiration and wholesome awe. Occasionally she unbent, and this morning was such an occasion.

"My," she said, "someone's been rash. No, not that way. Tilt it back," and with a touch of her hand she restored the hat to its old beguiling self.

Prue flung her a glance of shy, silent gratitude, while Betty told Miss Harris the reason for the hat.

"The Savoy!" said Miss Harris, who personally was bored to death with the place. "That'll be fun. What are you going to wear with it?"

"Nothing. I mean just my ordinary coat." Prue looked towards the red velvet that hung limply from a hanger.

"Oh, you can't do that." All Miss Harris' aesthetic tastes were outraged.

"I'll have to. I've nothing else."

Miss Harris ran her eye speculatively over Prue's measurements. "Well..." she began. Then she broke off, and went out of the room rather abruptly.

Half an hour later she called Prue, and opening her wardrobe took out a short fur jacket.

"I'm not often given to quixotic impulses," she said sternly, as if

"Who wishes to give himself an abundance of trouble, let him equip these two things, a ship and a woman. No two things involve more bother, for neither is ever sufficiently adorned."
—Plautus

apologising to herself, "but it would be a mortal sin to team that coat with that hat. I'll lend you this, just this once, if you'll promise to guard it with your life. If you spill anything on it, or let anyone smudge it with a cigarette, you'd better jump straight into the river instead of coming back here this afternoon. Try it on."

Prue slipped her arms into the satin lining and hugged the jacket close. In the half glass she saw someone utterly unlike anyone she had ever seen in her mirror before. She blushed, and the reflection of herself melted; instead, she saw Stewart, the warmth and enthusiasm of love miraculously back in his eyes. "Thank you," she said tremulously, "thank you."

Miss Harris took the jacket and hung it up. "Come back for it. I don't think Mr. Roberts will be in to-day, so if you like I'll give you a hand with your face before you go."

At twelve, Prue cleaned her face until it shone and, hat in hand, went to Miss Harris. Quickly and masterfully, Miss Harris went to work. When she came to putting on the lipstick with a little brush she said crossly, "Do keep your mouth still, you're trembling."

It was true. Prue felt as if every bit of muscle and bone in her were quivering like a violin string. Since she had wakened the day had swung up and down between hope and despair. She clenched her teeth and said meekly, "I'll try."

In ten minutes, her face done, Miss Harris turned to her hair. "It's pretty ghastly," she said bluntly.

"I only washed it two nights ago," Prue said defensively.

"That's what I mean," Miss Harris said tersely.

For five minutes she brushed, combed, and sprayed, and then said, "Give me the hat."

She pinned it on and then brought out the coat. "Let me have a look at you," she said.

She stood back and surveyed Prue coolly, and then her tightly controlled, perfectly made-up mouth relaxed. "You'll do," she said kindly. "You'll do very nicely. There's something to be said for being young. Now, get along, and don't take that jacket off. You might leave it somewhere, and then heaven help you."

Feeling very self-conscious, Prue slipped back into her own office to try the effect of her new self on Betty. It was highly successful.

"My, my!" Betty exclaimed, springing up and gazing at her in wonder. "I'd never have known you—you do look marvellous."

"I do hope Stewart will think I look nice," Prue said wistfully.

Prue went into the street. The heavier make-up on her face still felt strange, her eyelashes a little sticky. She sat in the bus, thinking, I feel sick... Supposing Stewart thinks I look silly?

The borrowed jacket, the fluffy, fly-away hat, the hole in her bank balance; now she was coming closer to meeting him, she realised with horror that these were things that Stewart, being Stewart, would not warm to, especially as he might well already be annoyed at being tricked into buying her an expensive lunch.

Would it be better if she didn't go, if she left him to wait, and rang him up this afternoon and said she had been kept at the office, that she hadn't felt well?

Outside the Savoy she stood still and looked up at the shining gold crusader standing on the chromium canopy, and the sick quivering ceased. She was ten years old, clinging to her mother's arm as they came out of a pantomime, looking for somewhere to have tea. Suddenly she cried, "There, over there. Mummy, let's go there."

"The Savoy! Darling, what an ideal! No, come along. This will do splendidly," and they had walked into a teashop where the windows were steamed and the tablecloths were crumpled. And Prue had sat eating her toast, the glory smudged from the day.

She began to cross the street, her heart steady, a smile touching the corners of her lips. Once in a while you just had to do the things you wanted, however mad they were, however much they cost. That's what her mother had never understood.

She only had to make Stewart realise what this lunch meant to her and he would forgive her. Please, she prayed silently and humbly as she passed under the shining golden knight, please make Stewart love me again.

The revolving doors spun her into the foyer. She stood irresolute in the path of a couple who were on their way out. From the girl's shoulders a dark mink coat hung to her ankles. Round her smooth little face there were curtains of hair so pale that it was nearer to silver than to gold.

The man at her side was engrossed in her, but as they came level with Prue, his eyes lifted and rested on her face. His eyes stayed there, and in a fraction of a second it took him to pass, she saw in them, as plain as print, admiration, impersonal but unmistakable.

It was going to be all right. If a stranger's eyes could tell her she looked pretty, then Stewart would see it, too. She looked round confidently for him, and saw him sitting, behind a midday paper, in the farthest corner of the foyer.

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Poison in the House

By ...
A. E. MARTIN

REFF STEEN, domineering owner of Pelvernon station, congratulates himself on a master-stroke when, in Perth, he buys the adjoining property, Hucksditch, over the head of its never-do-well owner, STEVE GARVIE.

Having no heir, he also plans to bring home with him his dead brother's only child, VASHTI STEEN, stranded in Perth with a theatrical company which includes her "stage sister," VICKI STEEN, and novelty dancer SAMMY SPELLMAN.

The young actress, on the way to Pelvernon, finds Reff Steen intolerable, but is prevented from running away by the appearance of the attractive Garvie, who makes love to her.

Her arrival at Pelvernon does nothing to dissipate her gloom as its only other occupants are the uncouth PETE GORRIK, half-witted HOLPER, and the downtrodden housekeeper, JEDIDAH. In the night a jar marked "Poison," which Pete secretly had made Holper buy, falls from the canopy of the girl's bed, waking her.

NOW READ ON:

FOR a moment the girl thought of rousing Steen, then she abandoned the idea. The thought of the jar alongside her as she slept was too much, however, and she thrust it into her travelling bag, covering it with the clothes still unpacked, and forced herself to return to bed.

The lighted candle guttered in its socket before she slept, and she awoke in early daylight to the sound of a dog's bark.

Peeping from the window, she saw Pete Gorrik and Holper across the yard, and immediately recognised trouble, for the half-wit was backing away, crouching, evading the slow, deliberate menace of the other's long arms as they forced him through the stable entrance. She was dressing, wondering, when a knock on the door preceded Jedidah's voice.

"Breakfast . . . Your uncle says to hurry."

Ten minutes later, Steen was saying to her, "Eat up, niece. Country air should whet appetite."

She supposed it should, but she was unaccustomed to the short, stubby knives, and kept thinking that her fork, which was too light, must some time have been in Pete Gorrik's mouth.

"I'm not very hungry," she said.

"Maybe the food's not proper to her taste," Jedidah remarked.

"It's good food," Steen said.

"Perhaps 'tis too early for her breakfast," Jedidah persisted.

Steen turned on his housekeeper. "What would you know of that?"

"If it's goodness she's been, seven might be too early to eat."

"No," the girl said, "I . . . I'm used to fairly early hours."

"Then," Jedidah said, with a malicious gleam, "perhaps it's the strange bed."

"Hold your tongue, woman. A bed's a bed." He glared at the girl. "Didn't you sleep well?"

She caught the expectant glitter in

Jedidah's eyes and stopped herself from telling him of her experiences of the night.

Now, in broad daylight, surrounded by commonplace things, watching a chicken, less timid than the rest of the brood, pecking at crumbs on the kitchen flagging, aware that Pete as well as Holper slept in the stables, she wondered whether, after all, her imagination hadn't run riot.

Steen would laugh at her, and perhaps that was what Jedidah wanted.

She said simply, "I'm not used to sleeping in such a big room. It took me a little time to get off."

"But when you got off you slept tight, eh?" Steen said. "And why not? Here, Vashti, as the psalmist says, each night I lay me down in peace. For why? Because of good work done that has increased and multiplied the good things about me. I have set things in trim for the Almighty to carry on while I'm sleeping."

His head nodded in appreciative reflection. "Aye, a man can make a great partnership with God." He pushed his cup across to Jedidah for more tea, and gulped it down. "Well, niece, if you won't eat you shall walk."

She sprang to her feet, glad that she had put on the only flat-heeled

shoes she possessed, and was surprised at his glare.

"Have you forgotten the Lord?" he demanded. He bowed his head.

"Oh, God, let Your Spirit shine upon these two women that they may love each other. And make my niece, Vashti, worthy o' the land I have labored to make fertile, and fit her for the inheritance that shall be hers when you call me home. And bring to Jedidah the humility that is consistent with her station and cleanse the ranker o' jealousy from her heart, Amen."

PART FOUR OF A TWELVE-PART SERIAL

He raised his head. "Vashti, get a hat. We'll be walkin' far as Hucksditch."

"Hucksditch . . ." she began, and laughed. "You mean Silvanella."

He glowered. "I mean Hucksditch."

She thought of flinging a line from Romeo and Juliet at him, but realised he wouldn't understand. What did it matter? Hucksditch or Silvanella? Both were Steve Garvie's. Any suggestion that would take her nearer to him was welcome.

"I'll get my hat," she said, and ran from the room and upstairs. She

was stooping, adjusting it before the mirror, when Jedidah spoke behind her.

"Why look into the glass? You'll meet no one."

"No, I suppose not . . . but . . ."

"Were you expecting to meet someone?" the woman asked with sly curiosity.

"No, of course not," the girl said. All the same, she noticed that Reff Steen was wearing his town clothes, and hoped this suggested a visit to Garvie.

Jedidah sniffed. "If you'd lived in this house as long as me you'd have Bible speech for everything." She waited a moment and quoted with bitter deliberation, "Within ye are full of hypocrisy."

The girl turned quickly, more amazed by the intensity of tone than angered by the words, but before she could think of a retort Reff Steen was bawling from below for her to hasten. She said, "Let me pass, please. I must hurry. My uncle is calling."

"Did you hear what he prayed?" Jedidah demanded without moving.

"Fit my niece for the inheritance . . ."

"I can't help what he prays."

"Why did you come here? For love of him?"

"Mr. Steen?"

"You must climb my hill some morning, Vashti," Garvie said, disregarding the glowering Reff Steen.

Jedidah's little eyes flickered. "Who else? Ain't he a man anyone'd love?" she asked waspishly.

The sarcasm left her voice and she went on with accusing emphasis. "You came back for the pickin', didn't you? You think he's an old man. Well, I know un. He's as strong as ox. There's many a year 'twixt to-day and his buryin'. Remember that, Vashti Steen."

"Stop talking that way," the girl cried. "I won't listen. I'll speak to Mr. Steen."

"You will, eh? Bring up talk of inheritance, perhaps?"

"No. It's his affair what he does with his property."

Reff Steen bawled again, "Vashti," and she snatched up a bag and parasol, pushed past, and ran out of the room.

When at last downstairs he said, surlily, "Does it take so long to fix hat on?" Without waiting for response he led the way to the yard, shouting for Holper to let the dog off the chain. A huge animal appeared, and instinctively she sheltered behind Steen.

"He won't harm you," he told her.

"He's so big," she faltered.

"Pat un."

Please turn to page 22

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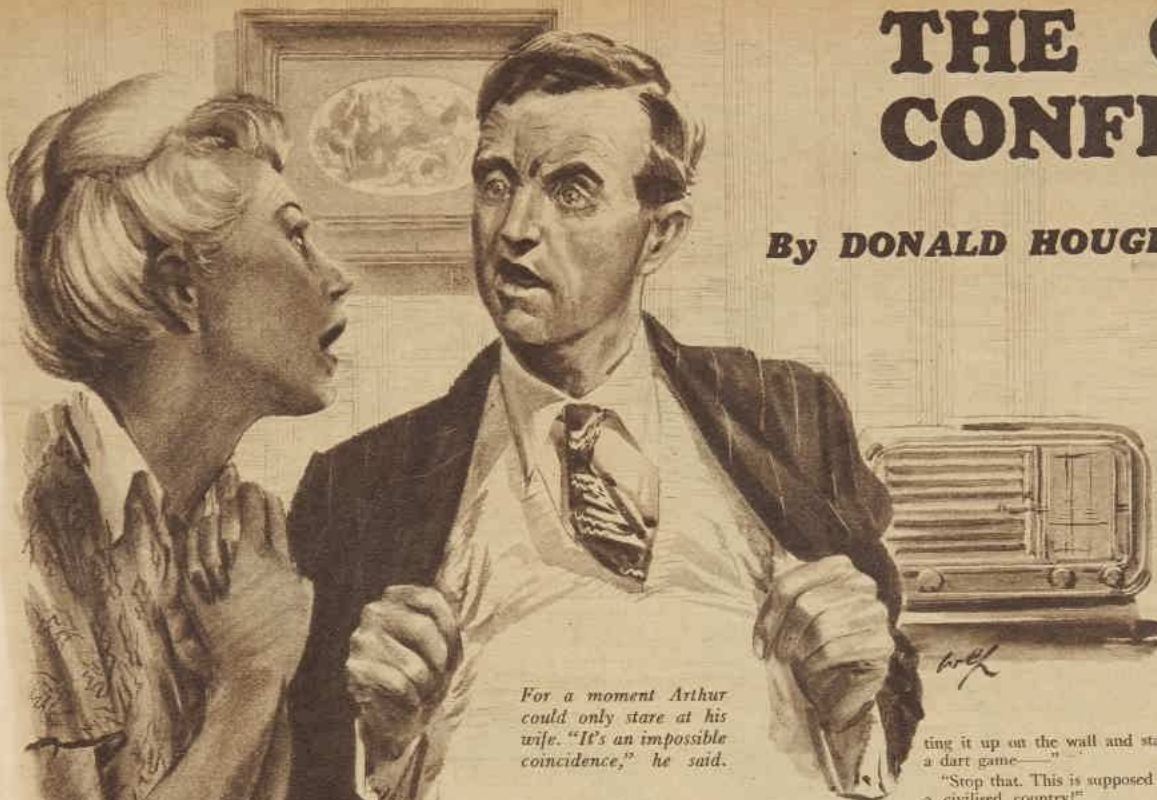
NEW YORK

LONDON



THE GREAT CONFESSION

By DONALD HOUGH



For a moment Arthur could only stare at his wife. "It's an impossible coincidence," he said.

ARTHUR EDGEWORTH, an average man, just under average age, ordered his third drink at the bar across the street from the Luxury Theatre, and told the bartender exactly what he would like to do to a certain film star, idol of the nation's womanhood.

"Joe," he said, "I would like to take hold of his shoulders like this, see, and shake all the teeth out of his mouth."

Joe shrugged. "Not enough." "I would like to take a sledge hammer, and hash his—"

"No. What you want to do in a case like that, you want to give him some kind of slow poison. A sledge hammer is too quick. It don't give him time to think things over. See what I mean?"

Arthur sipped the drink that Joe had placed before him. "Well, I know one thing. If just concentrating on it, the way they do in Africa, would handle that man, he would be falling dead right this minute."

"You can say that twice," Joe said.

"What do you mean, like they do in Africa?" asked a man sitting near Arthur.

"It's something my wife knows about," Arthur explained. "It's one of the things a club she belongs to knows about. These Africans, see, take a kind of doll that's supposed to be somebody they don't like, and stick pins in it, and keep wishing the fellow would cash in."

"Where would they get the doll?" the man asked.

"They don't really need one," Arthur said. "That's just to make it more sure. It could be a photograph, if they had one. Or they

can just sit still and do the whole thing under their breath. If they can keep it up long enough the man begins to feel sick, and then gets heart failure, or something. It's mind over matter. My wife could tell you how it works. She's nuts about things like that."

"She's nuts, period," the man said.

"I beg your pardon!" Arthur said, rather sharply. Joe leaned over the bar. "We could write to the studio this joker works for and get a photograph, even have it autographed, and pin it up here on the wall and start a dart game. He wouldn't last a week."

"However it is," Joe went on, "anybody that could do it, that could pull that one off, would be elected governor of New York next month, hands down. Even if the District Attorney should decide to run."

"He's not going to run," the man said.

"The radio this morning said he was thinking of it," Joe said. He wiped the bar. "Our friend—he jerked his head toward the picture theatre—"is in town right now. He's doing personal appearances all this week."

Arthur hunched his shoulders. "Don't tell my wife when she comes in."

"You can say that again," the man said. "My wife would want to take along a packet of sandwiches and stay there the whole week."

"There it is," Joe said. They all looked across the street. The doorman of the theatre was opening the doors and kicking the steps down to keep them open, and the people were coming out.

"Here's where I get into trouble," Arthur said. "I left after half an hour of it. I'm going to get it now." He quickly finished his drink, keeping an eye on the people emerging from the theatre, then he went out as an attractive woman crossed the street.

"Well!" Arthur said. "Well, hello, Ida. How was it?"

"All I can say is that you missed

a fine film," Ida said. "If you want to walk out on a really good picture like that, just because you don't—"

Arthur winked at Joe, who had followed him out, and walked off with Ida. After they had gone a block in silence, Ida said: "Honestly, I can't understand you. You knew he was in the picture when we went to it. It said so in the paper, letters an inch high. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing that isn't the matter with nine out of ten of the men in this country. You wanted to see the movie. So okay. I thought I could take him once more. But it's just that a time comes when you've got to get out of the theatre even if you have to claw your way out. Walk over people, maybe even—"

"You certainly did that," Ida said icily.

IN silence Ida and Arthur went home. The subject did not come up again—not did any other subject, for that matter—until Ida was sitting on the edge of her bed, doing something or other to her hair, and Arthur was in his bed, his hands clasped across his chest as he gazed at the ceiling, evidently in deep thought.

"I suppose," Ida said, "that sitting in that bar with your drunken friends was more elevating than staying through a picture. Is that it?"

Arthur cleared his throat. "It wasn't the picture, it was him. And, incidentally, we had a very elevating conversation. I was talking with Joe and another fellow about this idea of yours, where you concentrate on somebody, or have a picture of him or a model, anything you can run a bayonet into, and sometimes it works. Like in Africa."

"And what brought that up, may I ask?"

"You know."

"Arthur. Don't you know you shouldn't hold thoughts like that about anyone? I'm not fooling, Arthur."

Arthur yawned. "Joe's thinking of getting his photograph and put-

ting it up on the wall and starting a dart game—"

"Stop that. This is supposed to be a civilised country!"

"That joker doesn't make it any more civilised. If men could choose the pictures they want to go to, instead of women, he would be in a road gang."

Ida finished her hair and got into bed and switched off the light. "Good night," she said without warmth.

"Good night," Arthur said. He turned off his own light and adjusted his pillow. He was sorry he had forgotten to tell Ida what Joe had said about anybody who could pull off the stunt successfully being elected governor of the State . . .

Arthur realised that Ida hadn't shaken his shoulder, as she usually did when it was time to get up, but was just standing there by the bed. At first he saw her dreamily, then as he became fully aware of her presence he opened his eyes and shook his head and glanced toward the window, through which the sun was streaming.

Ida was holding the morning newspaper so that he could see the front page. This, too, was a departure. Arthur closed his eyes tight and opened them wide, and after repeating this a couple of times was able to read the largest of the headlines—really a whopper, all the way across the top of the page.

"Well, well!" he said.

"Well, well!" Ida mimicked. "I suppose now you're the happiest man in the world."

"I'll bet I'm one of them," Arthur said. "Does it say what he died of?"

"It does not. He was simply found dead last night after his personal appearance at the Vogue. About ten o'clock. No signs of anything. Cause of death undetermined."

Arthur looked pleased. "I guess he just died then."

"Oh, no," Ida said. "It says here, 'Police say foul play, by means unknown.'"

"I see."

"Of course you see!" Ida was looking at him through narrowed eyelids. She seemed about to say something else, then turned sharply and hurried from the room.

Arthur got up and took his shower, during which he sang louder than usual, then dressed and went in to

breakfast, whistling. Ida was sitting at the table, but she was gazing into space, absently, and the toast was burning.

"The toast is burning, dear," Arthur said.

Ida came to and pressed the thing that makes the toast come up out of the toaster. It was still smoking. And when Arthur looked at her he was startled to see that she had been weeping. Instantly he was sorry he had been whistling.

"Take it easy, pet," he said gently. "Maybe you better scrape the toast a little."

She did not scrape the toast. Instead, she grabbed it and threw it to the floor with all her might. It broke.

"You fiend!" she cried. "You unspeakable fiend!" She put her hands over her face. "You—murderer!"

"Ida," Arthur said, "for heaven's sake . . ."

Ida rose from the table. Her chair fell over backward. "Don't speak to me!" She hurried to the bathroom and slammed the door.

Arthur hesitated a moment, then followed her. He stood at the bathroom door and called, "Ida!"

"Go away!" Ida called.

Arthur said, loudly and distinctly, "I just want you to know that if it will make you feel any better I'll go down to the district attorney's office and give myself up. Will that satisfy you?" No answer.

Arthur picked up his hat, put it on, and left the apartment, left the building, and got into a cab.

"District attorney's office," he said shortly. The driver made the traffic light, but was caught by the red at the next corner. Arthur leaned forward. "Read the paper this morning?" he asked casually.

"Yeah. You mean that dope getting it?"

"That's what I mean."

"I wonder how it was done."

"My name," said Arthur slowly, "is Arthur Edgeworth. I might suggest that you keep that name in mind. You'll see it in all the papers tomorrow."

"Is that so?" the driver said. He looked dreamily at the trucks blocking his way. Then the jam broke and he went forward to approach the City Hall area. But instead of going directly to the front of the building he turned and drove behind it.

"Front door," Arthur said. "Main entrance." The driver didn't say anything. Arthur looked at his picture and name in the small frame attached to the back of the front seat. "Mr. Cervera," he said, "the front door, if you please."

"I'm looking for a place to park," Mr. Cervera said.

"But I didn't want you to wait. If you'll just be kind enough to let me off—"

"I'm going in with you." Mr. Cervera at this point found his place to park, and backed into it, one-handed. He turned off his engine and got out. So did Arthur, holding a dollar bill. Mr. Cervera waved the bill aside.

"You know," he said, "when I saw the paper this morning I had a kind of vibration. I've decided to take my share of the blame. Let's go." He started up the sidewalk at a swift pace, and Arthur fell in with him, or rather caught up with him, for Mr. Cervera was a fast walker.

Please turn to page 34



Look!

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NYLON AND PURE SILK HOSIERY



The Low-Brow and the Lady

AS she waited, the girl looked neither angry nor impatient. She sat a little forward in the bright leather seat of the long, low convertible, her short, light hair blowing only enough to be attractive.

Her long-lashed eyes, drifting lazily from the unmanned petrol pumps to the apparently empty garage beyond, were indifferent, almost bored. A passer-by would scarcely have noticed that her arm was resting on the steering wheel, except that at the same time it rested with a steady pressure on the chromium circle which blew the horn.

The horn's unrelenting blast had been rending the air for perhaps two minutes when a short fat man came running with a waddle from the drug-store across the street, alternately mopping his moist bald head and wiping chocolate soda from his upper lip.

"Sorry, miss! Right with you, miss!" he began shouting, almost as soon as he emerged from the store. He paused with the gas hose in his hand, to scowl toward the garage and mutter, "I'd like to know where the Count is."

The girl had released the horn. "The Count?" she inquired. Her voice was faintly husky, and, even with those two words, redolent of

finishing schools and debutante balls.

"Somebody askin' for me?" This voice was a man's, young, redolent of the sidewalks of a big city. It came from the depths of the garage, muffled at first, but growing gradually clearer as the little wheeled platform rolled out from under a car, carrying with it the owner of the voice.

One moment he was lying flat on his back on the platform. The next, with what appeared to be a single motion, he was on his feet, wiping grease-drenched hands on a piece of waste, grinning whitely through the black smears on his face.

"Who wants the Count?" he asked, looking expectantly at the girl.

"Listen," the fat man said. "Listen, what's the idea? Didn't you hear the lady honking? Whyn't you come outta there and give her some gas?"

"I didn't know it was the lady. I thought it was just anybody."

"Well, no matter who—" the fat man began, but the girl cut him off. She was smiling now, a very small, very amused smile.

"So you're the Count," she said. "Count What?"

He stopped grinning and leaned forward a little on the balls of his feet, light and perfectly balanced,

ready. Ready to dance, maybe, or to box, or to spring.

"My name's Tony Mullins," he said, with a kind of dignity.

"Count Mullins." She laughed, a low, short laugh. "Count Mullins," and pressed the starter button.

He had been standing a couple of yards away, on the balls of his feet, but now he was right beside the low car, leaning in the window to turn off the ignition.

"Listen now," the fat man said, wringing his hands. "Listen now. Don't start—"

Nobody paid any attention to him.

threw them in the air and caught them lightly. "Wait," he said. "I'll only be a couple minutes."

The fat man waddled behind him, wailing, "Listen, where you going? Listen—"

"I'm knockin' off for the day," Tony said over his shoulder.

His clean shirt and his blue suit with the white pin stripe hung in the wash-room, his black-and-white shoes, glossy and immaculate, on the floor under them. He took off his overalls and took a quick shower, and then put on the fresh shirt and the suit and the shoes. He took his carefully folded tie out of his pocket and flipped it around his neck, making a loose Windsor knot. The blue-and-white handkerchief in his breast pocket was exactly right, but he gave it a little twitch anyway. Then he spent several minutes combing his thick, rather long black hair into shining smoothness.

He always came to work and went home like this, not in his working clothes, the way most of the fellows did, never with half the grease still on his hands, but clean and well-groomed, like a gentleman. That was why everybody started calling him the Count.

The girl raised one beautifully arched eyebrow and asked, very coolly, "What is this for, Count Mullins?"

He was cool, too, in his own way. He rested his greasy arm on the window ledge an inch from her clean, golden arm, and looked at her. "Nobody laughs at me," he said quietly. "Not even a dame like you."

"No? How do you stop them, Count Mullins? Do you beat them up?"

He looked away from her, jangling her car keys in his hand. He

"You've got a lot to learn, Count Mullins," Eloise said, "but you'll learn quickly."

That, and the way he looked, with his smooth olive skin and his black, shining hair, the sideburns growing a little too long. And the way he moved, with a quick, springing grace that was wonderful to see.

"You a foreigner?" some fellow asked him once.

"Me?" He laughed. "Are you nuts?"

Well, his mother's name had been Rovanni and his father's was Mullins. He had a grin like Mullins and the suggestion of a Mullins snub nose. And there were other strains in him, too, if you went back—a little French and a little Polish and what not. Tony Mullins, American.

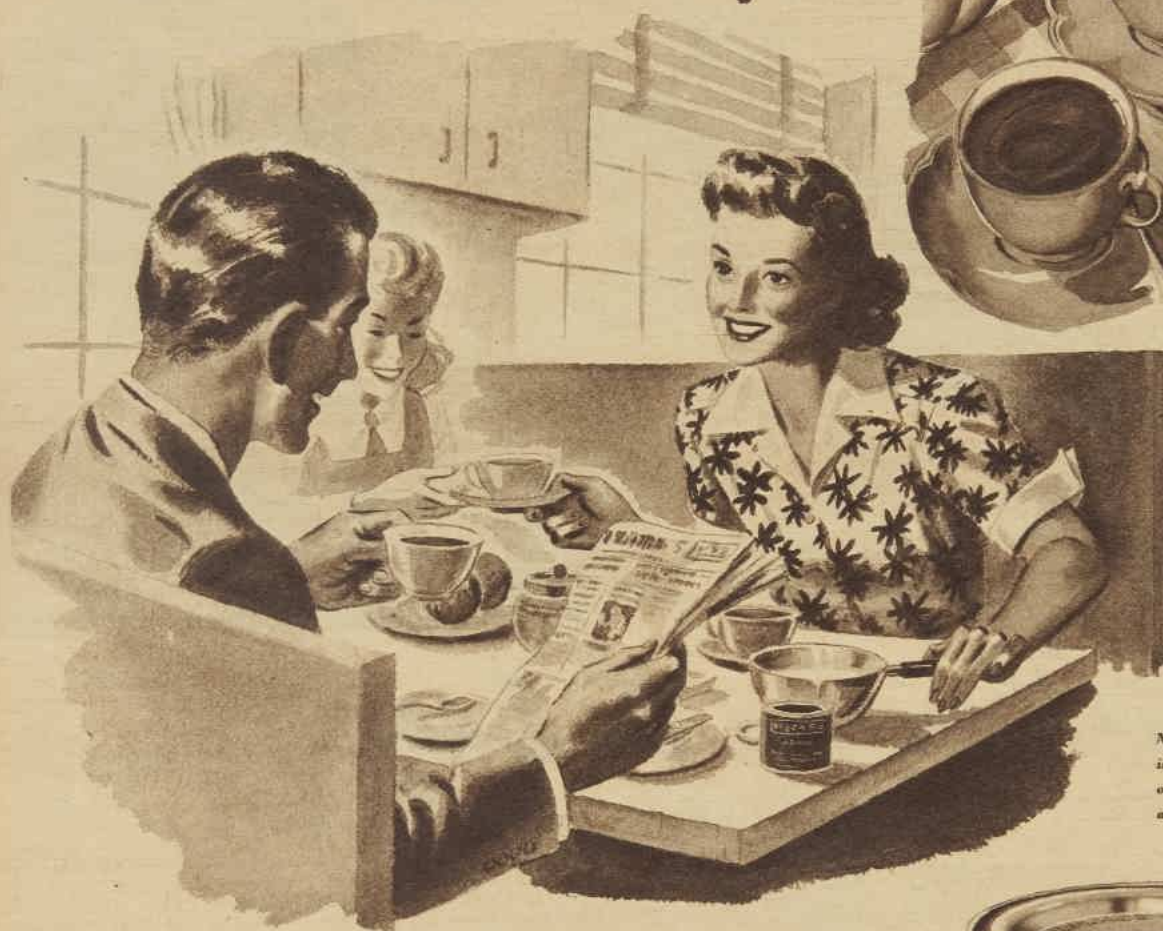
He looked at himself in the mirror, and he thought he looked O.K. He was sure the guys that girl out there in the car was used to didn't look any better. Maybe he couldn't exactly blame her for laughing when she saw him in his work clothes with grease all over him and heard Tubby call him the Count. But when she got a load of him now, it would be different.

He had certainly worked it out right. While you were on the job you couldn't help looking like a grease monkey, but other times you didn't have to. He'd saved up a long time for the suit and shoes, and he kept them in good shape. When you looked like something better than you were, people respected you, and pretty soon you'd be better—you'd get chances.

Please turn to page 38

Thousands of Australians now have a New Breakfast Habit ...

...the Quick, Easy
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NESCAFÉ habit!



Make it in Three Seconds

One! Put a rounded teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup (a little more or less according to the strength you prefer). Two! Add hot milk (or half milk, half water). Three! Stir, and add sugar to taste. And there—in just 3 seconds—you have a cup of perfect milk coffee. For "black" coffee, you just add piping hot water to the Nescafé. It's as simple as that!

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Now that Nescafé has found its way into hundreds of thousands of Australian homes, it's easy to see why more and more families are adopting that good-morning habit ... rich, full-flavoured, fragrant coffee—Nescafé—for breakfast. Other commonsense reasons for serving Nescafé at breakfast time are its speed of preparation ... there's no percolating, simmering or straining ... there's no waste ... you make Nescafé right in the cup—in the exact strength preferred by every member of the family. Then there's the economy of

Nescafé—because it's highly concentrated, because all grounds and sediment have been eliminated, you can make a surprisingly large number of cups of perfect coffee from every tin. Adopt the "good-morning" habit ... serve Nescafé for breakfast every day!

NESCAFÉ

The 3-Second Coffee

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT



4-OZ. TIN **2/6**

For larger households, it's a wise plan to buy Nescafé in the extra-economy 1-lb. tin. (Prices slightly higher in some country districts.)

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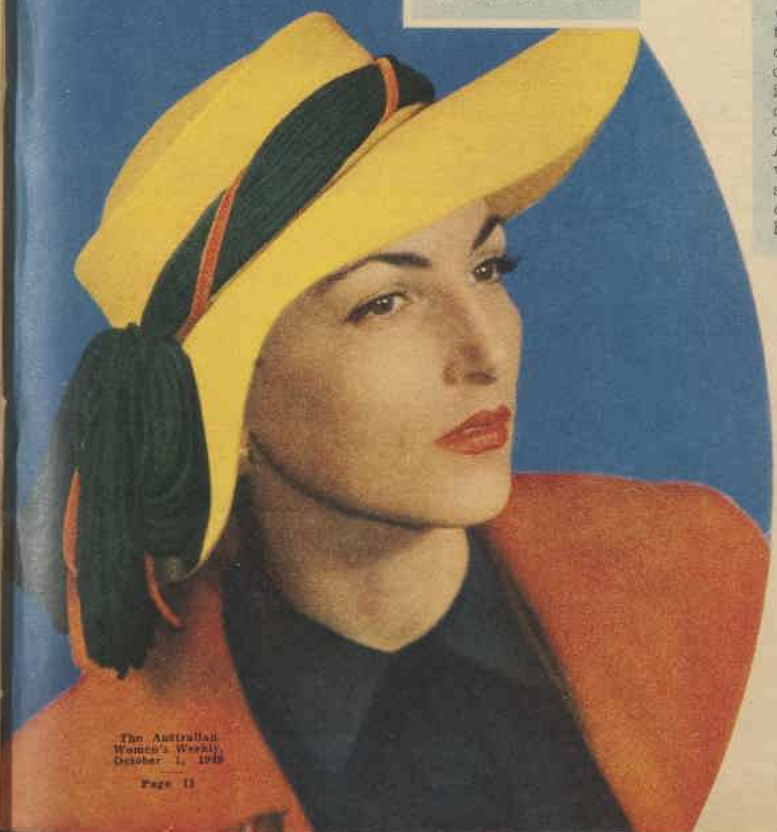


● Bonnet shape so much in favor is interpreted by Braagard in black felt draped with exquisite pink satin. This design is charming for the older woman for cocktails, dinner, or theatre. Base can be of straw instead of black felt.

New York Hats

Hats made by leading American designers for their autumn collections can be adapted easily in lighter materials for summer in Australia, as their line is new and effective and their colors are gay enough for any season of the year.

● Traditional slouch style for country or spectator sports is made by Emme in felt, and given a clever finish with a swathed trimming of green knitting yarn and red velvet ribbon. The shape would be just as good in natural straw.



● Mago Hayes uses the softest imaginable felt to make a draped side turban in the smart color combination of blue and cocoa, and Anita Andra's pancake velvet beret is worn straight on the head and has a peaked bonnet effect in front.



● Sally Victor has produced a piece of sheer fantasy in this glamorous toque made entirely of red carnations and trimmed with a complete game-bird in natural plumage. Chenille dots accent the coarse mesh veil, adding more glamor.



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Cyril Ritchard in Wells play



ANN VERONICA (Wendy Hiller), Edwardian-era rebel, leaves home when she is forbidden to go to costume ball as the Sultan's favorite in a costume which displays bare midriff. Running away, she meets a stockbroker acquaintance of her father.



GIVING her his card, broker tells Ann Veronica to call on him for funds if necessary, which she most innocently does.



SAVORING new freedom, Ann Veronica joins suffragette movement, in which her admirer, Mr. Manning (centre), thinks she is "simply splendid," though it results in her being gaoled.



UNFEMININE subject of biology is chosen by Ann Veronica at Imperial College of Science, but there is nothing unfeminine about the way she falls in love with her professor, Mr. Capes.

AUSTRALIAN actor Cyril Ritchard has an important part in Ronald Gow's London stage adaptation of H. G. Wells' portrait of an Edwardian rebel, Ann Veronica.

Mr. Gow's treatment is light-hearted, and those who do not know the novel are presented with a charming love story set against the restrictions hedging young ladies in the middle classes in Edwardian days.

Cyril is Mr. Manning, Ann Veronica's faithful admirer, and emerges as more of a dandy than the poetry-loving country gentleman and civil servant of the book.

Twenty-five scenes presented on a specially revolving stage designed by producer Peter Ashmore tell the story.

Wendy Hiller has the leading role, supported by Robert Harris and Cyril Ritchard.



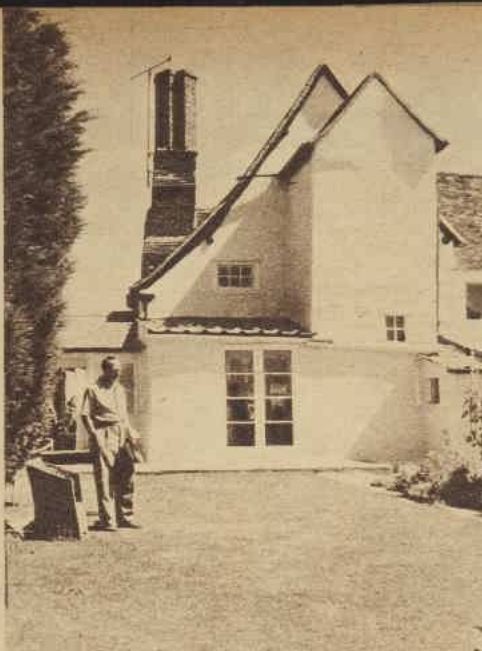
FAITHFUL Mr. Manning (Cyril Ritchard) penetrates Ann Veronica's dingy lodging, where he learns she is in arrears with rent, as she is now penniless following furious spurning of stockbroker's advances when he is revealed as Edwardian wolf type.



AFTER BEING GAOLED for suffragette activities, Ann Veronica returns home broken in health, and in this scene has just accepted Mr. Manning although she really loves Mr. Capes.



FINAL unmaidenly step is taken when Ann Veronica tells professor she loves him, though her wedding to Mr. Manning has reached rehearsal stage and Mr. Capes is married man.



HENRY MOORE, famous English sculptor, in the garden of his home at Much Hadham.

AUSTRALIAN sculptor Oliffe Richmond (left) working on one of his own sculptures at the Royal College of Arts.



MARY, Henry Moore's three-year-old daughter, mixes a "pudding" on the studio table. She likes listening to Oliffe Richmond's stories of Australia.

Australian student works with famous modern sculptor

By MARY ST. CLAIRE, of our London office

Australian sculptor Oliffe Richmond, who won the 1948 N.S.W. Travelling Scholarship, thinks Australian cities should be beautified with many statues.

The 29-year-old fine arts trainee has been studying the wealth of out-of-doors sculpture in Paris, Venice, and Florence, and is now working with the famous English sculptor Henry Moore.

"AUSTRALIA, with its accent on outdoor life, is an ideal place for sculpture," he said. "Climate and geographical setting are perfect. The warm light gives strong shadows and is ideal for revealing a statue's form. I'd like to see more fountains, too."

Already Richmond has ideas about the sort of statues he would like to create. He says they would not be realistic copies of the subject, nor

would they be so very abstract that you couldn't understand them.

He believes that sculpture should be "abstract, but based on forms which are understandable and related to life. And every piece of an artist's work should have something personal to say."

Oliffe Richmond, who is a Tasmanian, won the three-year scholarship as a student at Sydney Technical College under the Commonwealth Reconstruction Training Scheme.

In July, Richmond began working for one of England's most famous sculptors, Henry Moore, whose controversial work was exhibited in Australia in 1947.

Soon after Richmond arrived in England he wrote to Moore for an appointment. Moore invited the young sculptor to tea at the rambling Elizabethan house called "Hoglands," in Much Hadham, Hertfordshire, where he lives with his wife, Irene, and their three-year-old daughter, Mary.

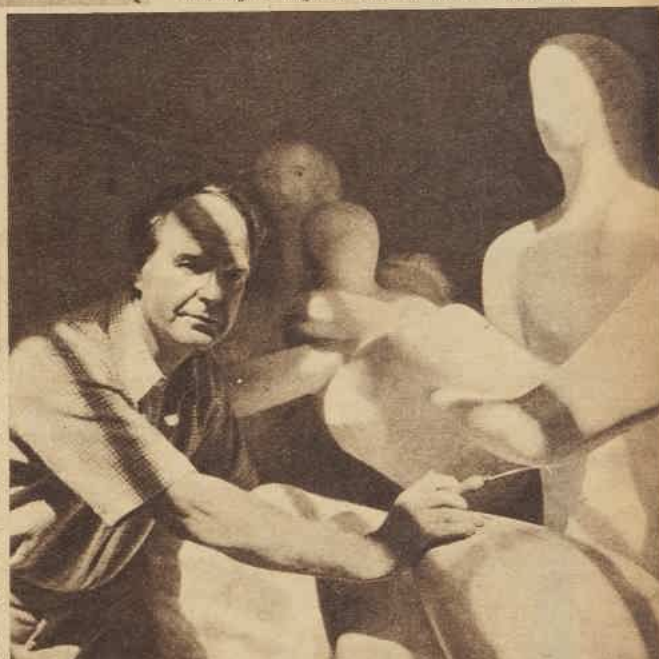
Moore looked at photographs of Richmond's work, expounded and discussed his views on sculpture. The upshot of the interview was that Richmond was told that he could work as Moore's assistant.

Richmond then spent three months in Italy and two weeks in Paris.

When Oliffe Richmond began work with Henry Moore at Much Hadham he found the studio full of Moore's famous works.

They were pouring in by truck, by van, and by hand from the Tate and other famous galleries, from private collections and from abroad.

"I really was in luck," Oliffe Richmond said, "for all had to be cleaned, surface scratches removed, and prepared for a big exhibition of Henry Moore's work that is going on tour for a year to all the important cities of Europe."



PLASTER CASTS of his "family group" being worked on by Henry Moore in his studio.

Henry Moore and his new assistant rolled up their sleeves and set to work straight away cleaning, polishing, filing, and rubbing down the models.

So Richmond got the first "feel" of his teacher's work in the sunlit studio. And as he and the master scraped and papered the exhibits the first lessons from Henry Moore were given.

"It was so exciting," Oliffe said, "handling and working on master-

leaves behind models for Oliffe to sketch.

Richmond plans to do some lead figures, after the manner of the lead figures Moore has sent on the Continental tour of Paris, Brussels, Dusseldorf, and other capitals.

Oliffe Richmond's arrival in the Moore household has delighted the three-year-old daughter, Mary Moore.

Tales of the Australian bush and other yarns that Oliffe tells Mary keep her spellbound. Mary's nurse says, "The master's young assistant is better than any nursemaid. Mary just dotes on him."

Much Hadham is in a very isolated part of England. Though not far in miles from London, it has not yet been opened up by roads and heavy traffic. You reach it through winding lanes.

Richmond has also been studying at the Royal College of Arts Sculpture School under another of Britain's famous sculptors, Professor Frank Dobson, who has a terracotta in Melbourne Art Gallery called "The Source."

Helped prepare exhibition

pieces which would have taken me years to see."

Richmond will stay five to six months in Henry Moore's country studio.

Once the exhibition was ready Oliffe became carving assistant to Henry Moore. He starts on the rough stone chipping away the bulk, working from Henry Moore's drawings.

Then when the figure begins to take shape Henry Moore sculpts with his assistant working on other parts under his direction.

Sometimes, if Henry Moore is away for any length of time, he



OLIFFE RICHMOND polishes a leaden figure by Henry Moore, which is included in his exhibition.

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● White pique dicky, at right, with new type of pushed-up doubled collar, can be tucked into a low V-neckline.

● Large white pique collar, below, has two long pointed ends at the back. The front is similar, but it is made with much shorter peaks.

● Simple white pique bow is worn under the collar, at left, and slotted through revers. White pique accents must be easy to remove and replace after washing.

● Set of collar and pocket-tops of white pique, at right, is made as shown in sample, below, by turning over the pique and placing button on underside.

● New shaped collar of white pique for a high-necked dark dress, at right, is wide over the shoulders and studded. It has one tiny hook at the throat.

● White pique revers and matching cuffs, above, are buttoned on in the same way as collar and pocket-tops, above right.

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Says Denise Sarraute
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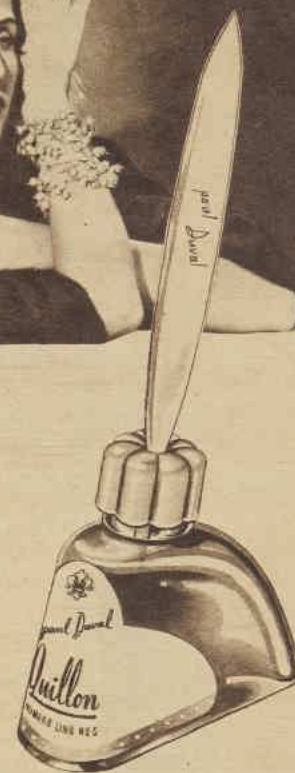
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SWARMING over monkey-ropes and footropes, boys at the Outward Bound Sea School in Wales learn self-confidence for their future life.

Unusual school fosters spirit of adventure and self-reliance

From ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

Adventure-loving Australian Commander Alan Villiers, D.S.C., who has lived a life crammed with action—he once sailed the windjammer *Joseph Conrad*, and commanded a tank-landing-craft during the war—now has a command which appeals to him as much as any he has had before.

As commander of *Warspite*, an 80-ton auxiliary sailing ketch, his job will be to give boys from Britain's industrial areas training in seamanship, to develop characteristics such as training imports.

SAILOR, author, and explorer, Alan Villiers told me he was "proud and very honored to take command of *Warspite*."

The ketch has been chartered by the "Adventure Clubs for Boys" and will be a training ship for the Outward Bound Sea School at Aberdovey, established in 1941.

A three-day cruise in the *Warspite* is the highlight of the 28-day course in seamanship done by the boys.

Boys of all classes and ranks are found among the students, who all wear navy jerseys and slacks.

They work in teams, whether they come from public schools, offices, or factories. Working in teams, it has been found, brings out qualities of self-reliance and self-discipline.

Manning an 80-ton ketch, for instance, soon shows the capacity of each boy.

Young officers, alert and vigorous, come straight from their Merchant Navy ships to class-rooms, bringing with them the tang of the sea to the school on Cardigan Bay. They are not masters, but heroes, to the boys, whose ages range from 15 to 19. One of the instructors is Prime Minister Attlee's son, Martin, who is on his second term.

An Olympic Games champion is physical training instructor at the school, and he has worked out a system for the lads to compete, not against each other, but each against himself, trying to improve on previous performances.

Alan Villiers is enthusiastic about the Outward Bound School, and told me he hoped to see something of the sort established in Australia.

"A love of the sea and a natural gift for seamanship are in the blood of the Australian people," he said, "but they will need fostering and developing if we are to maintain our position as a maritime nation."

His present idea is to go to Australia himself to lay the foundation of schools along British maritime

lines, but adapted to suit the more open-air life of Australia and its vaster coastline.

The three-day cruise that ends the course is one test for the boys, another is the ascent of the rugged mountain Cader Idris, which dominates the hills that rise sharply from the estuary of the River Dovey, Merioneth, where the school is situated.

Dropped in parties into the rugged Welsh mountains, with food, first-aid kits and compasses, the lads have to find their way back.

Their cross-country treks by map and compass often take them 30 miles, and many are "pioneering expeditions" smacking of adventure.

At other adventure schools there, gliding, forestry, and even coal-mining are studied.

Each month at the Sea School a new group of 120 boys meet to live in close contact and comradeship with a handful of tutors who



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH with Commander Alan Villiers aboard *Warspite*. Behind them is retired Admiral Sir Bertram Theobald, who had just received first year's "hire" of the ketch—one shilling—from Duke.

have themselves faced hazards and adventures. Half their hours are devoted to learning seamanship, the other half to a steady toughening process in preparation for manning the ketch.

The Duke of Edinburgh was on board the day I met Alan Villiers in *Warspite*. He had just received her on behalf of the school, and the course in seamanship is exactly the same as he did at Gordonstoun School.

The Duke's interest was evident, and he said he envied Alan Villiers his command.

The Duke's former headmaster, Professor Kurt Hahn, is joint-founder of the Outward Bound Sea Schools, with Lawrence Holt, whose Blue Funnel Line is well known on the Australian route.

And *Warspite* is third in succession to the *Prince Louis*, the ketch on which the Duke was trained in seamanship, which was presented to

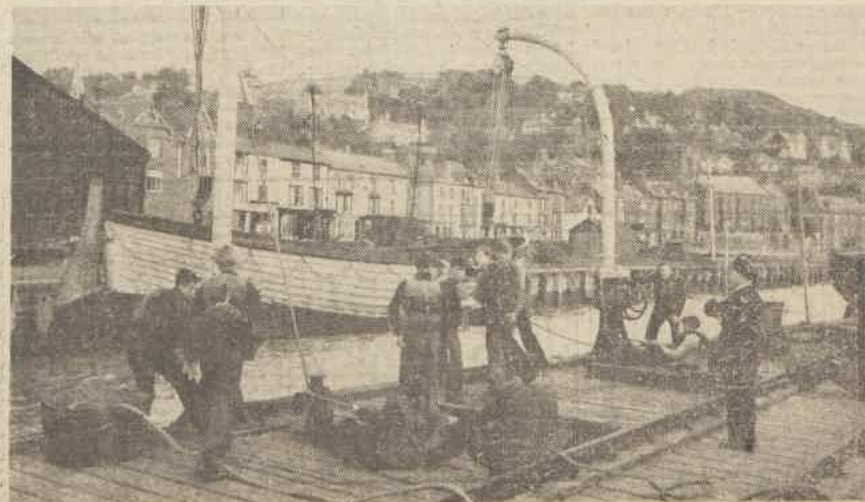
Gordonstoun by his grandfather, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and later loaned by Kurt Hahn to the Sea School at Aberdovey.

It was Holt's interest in the Adventure Schools that was responsible for the establishment of the Sea School, and many young lads have been posted from the school to his ships and others in the Merchant Navy.

Discipline of the school is strict, but it is imposed and maintained almost entirely by the boys themselves.

A careful record is kept on progress and achievement at Aberdovey. Each boy is assessed on his public spirit, sense of justice, conscientiousness, leadership, power to inspire others, integrity, physique.

Hard-headed businessmen count it a real investment to have their young employees spend four weeks at the Sea School. Many of them pay the £15 cash the course costs.



LIFEBOAT DRILL is practised by boys of the Outward Bound Sea School on the jetty at picturesque Aberdovey, the school's headquarters.

OUR COVER

ON our cover this week is one of the VJ-class sailing boats beloved of teenage boys and girls for their days on harbors, rivers, or lakes, through the long summer ahead. They get as much fun in their tiny craft as the older yachtsmen with their luxury craft, and in the VJs they learn their seamanship the hard way.

Staff Photographer Jack Rickson went a whole day on Sydney Harbor following the VJs to get this striking picture.

MANY JOBS ARE DULL

THERE has been a large surplus of applications from girls for the forty computing jobs available at the Woomera rocket range.

On first thoughts, the rocket range may not seem a specially attractive setting for a job. Its pleasures and amenities must necessarily be of the simple kind, made familiar in wartime service camps and stations.

The attraction, of course, is to the spirit of adventure, which is often still very strong in those whom life has led into routine paths or unexciting occupations.

There will always, therefore, be many offering for jobs that provide some chance of adventure along with the pay envelope.

All too few such jobs are available in these times of mass production.

One of the most important industrial problems of to-day is the need to compensate the modern worker for the loss of pride in his craft, and to relieve the appalling monotony of much factory work.

The adventurous woman worker can offset dullness by doing even a routine job in different settings—last year in Melbourne, this year on the rocket range, next year in London.

But for the great majority, who will work out their lives in unvarying grooves, there ought to be facilities for adult education and for training in hobbies that give scope for latent talents in arts or crafts.

When work is not satisfying in itself, the worker must find an outlet or become frustrated, unsatisfied. Apart from considerations of happiness, bored workers represent a great loss in the urgent drive for greater production.

The tempestuous Lady Caroline Lamb

LADY CAROLINE LAMB, who caused one of the biggest scandals of Regency London by her infatuation for Lord Byron, was, when a slim, fragile child of ten, pronounced unmanageable.

Neither her husband, William Lamb, who later became Lord Melbourne, nor anyone else who was associated with her during her tempestuous, exhibitionist life ever had any reason to change that pronouncement.

For her life was a series of theatrical, spectacular actions.

On her wedding day she flew into such a rage with the officiating bishop that she seized her wedding gown, began to tear it to shreds, and had to be carried fainting from the ceremony.

At a dinner party she was so overcome by jealousy at the sight of Lord Byron being attentive to a beautiful woman that she bit a chunk out of her wineglass.

To shame Byron publicly after he had broken with her, she staged a historic scene at a fashionable ball by gashing her arms with broken glass.

At her country home she lit a huge bonfire to burn everything Byron had given her, and had village maidens dancing around it while one of her poems was recited.

In Brussels, after the Battle of Waterloo, she paraded the streets with her arms, shoulders, and back covered only by a flimsy scarf, a most outrageous display for 1815.

It is not surprising that the history of Caroline, born Lady Caroline Ponsonby, is bizarre, for she had an outlandish childhood.

Her mother, the Countess of Bessborough, sister of the Duchess of Devonshire, had such a damaged reputation that the elf-like Caroline, with curly blonde hair and big, expressive hazel eyes, spent most of her time at Devonshire House with her cousins, instead of at home.

Here she was alternately spoiled and neglected. It was said of the Devonshire House children that they never ate off anything but silverplate; but quite often they were forgotten about and had nothing to eat at all.

Added to this lack of cohesion and discipline was the febrile, over-emotional atmosphere of the adult life, with the Duchess of Devonshire's best friend, Lady Elizabeth Foster, filling the role of the Duke's mistress.

So unreal was her childhood that Caroline herself admitted she grew up thinking that bread and butter grew on trees and that mankind was divided into two classes, dukes and servants.

Yet for all her lack of control and eccentricity she had such charm that people forgave her the most outrageous conduct.

Byron himself described her as "the most absurd, perplexing, dangerous, fascinating little being

FAMOUS WOMEN

alive," and said "that all the regular beauties paled before her."

No woman ever had a more understanding, patient, and forgiving husband than had Caroline in her William, later to be Queen Victoria's mentor as Lord Melbourne; but perhaps William himself may have wondered if he were not in a measure to blame for Caroline's increasing unbalance.

True to the Devonshire House tradition, Caroline was an incurable romantic, whereas her William was a complete cynic, and he was at pains to show her flaws in people she had idealised and weaknesses in theories she favoured.

Perhaps Caroline's lack of self-control and ungovernable temper were increased by the tragedy of her early married years when of her three children only one survived.

When William Lamb first saw his future wife she was a 14-year-old tomboy who loved to gallop her horse bareback across the fields. But the 21-year-old William found that she was equally at home discussing politics and poetry with him.

As a girl of 17 she was already regarded as the most dynamic personality London society had known for a generation.

William was attracted to Caroline from the first; but he was not considered a good enough matrimonial fish for the Earl of Bessborough's only daughter until his elder brother, Peniston, died, leaving William Lord Melbourne's heir.

A mood of strange serenity fell upon the tempestuous girl after her engagement was announced, and she evidently settled to some serious study, for her mother wrote in response to a letter from her: "I shall

Fascinating but unbalanced woman whose escapades were talk of Regency London

hasten to do your commission for Rollin's ancient history, dear; light, beautiful, amusing book. What a pity it is in 24 volumes."

This serenity gradually gave way to a fit of melancholy as the wedding day approached and trousseau buying became tedious—doubtless classed by Caroline, along with gossip and embroidery, as too feminine an employment.

Despite Caroline's fit of hysteria during her wedding, the marriage started well enough with three years of idyllic happiness.

William's tenderness and thoughtfulness gradually calmed her shattered nerves. He became her teacher, she an apt and willing pupil. Even into the crowded lives of one of London's smartest young couples they fitted daily readings of history, poetry, and theology.



LADY CAROLINE LAMB, dressed in the page-boy costume she often affected. From a miniature.

But although they were only married in 1805, by 1808 their days of joyous intimacy were over.

By 1810 Caroline was looking elsewhere for amusement.

Her first deliberate and public flirtation was with a coarse, handsome typical Regency rake, Sir Godfrey Webster; and it ended in a suitably dramatic way.

She was, as she described it, "on the brink of perdition," when a little dog given her by Sir Godfrey which had been playing with Augustus, her baby son, fell mad on the floor. She regarded her child's escape from possible hydrophobia as a sign, confessed all to William, and was forgiven.

Caroline took the break with Sir Godfrey with surprising calm, mainly because by that time she was absorbed in the latest London dance craze—the waltz.

By 1812 the stage was all set and the leading characters ready for the most fantastic real-life drama London society had experienced in decades.

Byron's "Childe Harold" had swept the town. Caroline declared: "If he is as ugly as Aescop, I must see him."

She staged a meeting at a brilliant social function. But when Byron was introduced, she simply peered intently into his face, turned on her heel, and walked away.

She noted in her diary at first that he was "mad, bad, and dangerous to know," but soon made up her mind Byron was to be the love of her life. She declared "that beautiful pale face will be my fate."

Byron, for his part, said he was being "haunted by a skeleton"; but when Lady Bessborough, in an attempt to break off the affair, told him Caroline was only using him to pique another lover, all Byron's determination to conquer was aroused.

The two spent the greater part of

each day in Caroline's room on the first floor of Melbourne House, where she and William had lived ever since their marriage.

They performed a mock marriage, exchanging rings and writing mutual vows which they signed "Byron and Caroline Byron."

The pair went everywhere together, and if Byron was a guest somewhere and Caroline had not been invited she waited outside with the link boys to accompany him home in his carriage.

Caroline's habit of turning up at unexpected moments in Byron's rooms disguised as a page boy was one of her oddities that caused him more distress than pleasure.

Although Caroline remained as passionately enthusiastic about waltzing as ever, she gave it up because Byron said he could not bear to see her in the arms of another man.

But the pace was too hot to last. Byron soon tired of living at her emotional pitch.

One of the oddest turns in Caroline's odd life was that the woman who most undermined her with Byron was her mother-in-law, cynical, worldly-wise Lady Melbourne.

At 62 Lady Melbourne was still an ideal companion for such a man as Byron, who said of her: "Had she been younger she could have made a complete fool of me."

In order to take Byron from her son's wife, this astute, ageing woman used every trick she knew. Her calm, satisfying friendship was such a relief after the stormy scenes upstairs with Caroline.

Meanwhile, both families, the Lambs and the Devonshire House set, brought pressure to bear on Caroline to break with Byron.

Only William remained aloof. He refused to take the affair seriously. He knew Caroline well, and regarded her Byronic infatuation as another piece of her play-acting.

Once, driven beyond endurance by the scandal, Caroline's father-in-law turned on her, and, opening the front door of Melbourne House, told her to "go and be damned."

Caroline did. She rushed hatless and penniless into the London streets, pawned her rings to pay passage money to any country, she didn't care where; but was brought home again at last by Byron, who had found her trying to find a ship.

This escapade caused such a public scandal that William took Caroline off to Ireland on a round of visits. She was always the centre of social life wherever they went, flirted, and danced the Irish jig; but at night kept the whole household agog by lying on the floor, kicking her heels, and screaming.

At last Byron wrote her a farewell letter so cruel that it threw her already strained mind into an even more unbalanced state.

"I offer you this advice," he wrote: "Correct your vanity, which is ridiculous. Exert your absurd caprices upon others and leave me in peace."

It was after this that Caroline staged her bonfire. In a further fit of rage she dressed all her pages in livery with buttons bearing the motto "Ne crede Byron"—do not believe Byron.

But the climax was still to come. Determined, if she could, to rekindle Byron's admiration, she went to London and attended a great ball, where he was a fellow guest.

She went up to him and said: "I presume now I am allowed to wait." Later, as he passed her, he said, with his most withering sarcasm, "I have been admiring your dexterity."

Continued on page 23

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS





AT PREMIERE. Mrs. John Broinowski and her son, Mackenzie Munro, with Susie Watt in foyer of Theatre Royal before curtain-rise of "Edward, My Son," which stars English actor Robert Morley.



YOUNG PEOPLE ATTEND FIRST NIGHT. Ann Livingston and Douglas Munro attended opening night and watch performance of "Edward, My Son" from a box in Theatre Royal with Ann's mother, Mrs. Hector Livingston.



WED IN MELBOURNE. John Scrivenor and his bride, formerly Peggy Robinson, daughter of Commander and Mrs. Lionel Robinson, of Melbourne, leave Holy Trinity Church, Kew. John and Peggy honeymoon in Blue Mountains, will make their home at Cremorne.



COUNTRY WEDDING. Hugh Ekin and his bride, formerly Helen Black, younger daughter of Mr. W. K. Black, of Mosman, and the late Mrs. Black, toast each other at reception at Pickwick Club after marriage at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Hugh is son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ekin, of Coolamundra.

Intimate Gossipings

PRETTY Sydney lass Judy Moore chooses St. James', Spanish Place, London, for her marriage on October 29 with Lieutenant Peter Baillon, of the South Staffords Regiment.

Judy, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore, of Double Bay, will wear a white satin bridal gown which is being made for her in Sydney. Her three bridesmaids, Mary Lou Troulan, Helen Girding, and the bridegroom's sister, Josephine Baillon, will wear gold moire gowns and carry Talisman roses.

Peter is elder son of Major-General and Mrs. J. Baillon, of Queenstown, Ireland.

Reception following the marriage will take place at Knightsbridge House, and Judy and Peter will make their home in England for the remainder of the year. Next year they may go to East Africa, or Singapore.



THE ARMY AND NAVY get together at Air Force party held in officers' mess, Bradfield Park. Rear-Admiral G. D. Moore enjoys joke with Lieut.-General and Mrs. F. H. Berryman, who are among guests.



GARDEN FETE. Sister Win Smith, Sister Joyce Christmann, Nurse Nan Godfrey, of Children's Hospital, Camperdown, and Beth Smith at the garden fete held at Admiralty House in aid of the New South Wales College of Nursing.



BRIDE-TO-BE. Yvonne Nelson and her fiance, Frank Dunworth, snipped on the dance floor when they dine and dance in town. Yvonne, who is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nelson, of Killara, chooses October 15 for her wedding date.



ARCHDEACON'S DAUGHTER MARRIES. Mrs. Desmond Bay leaves St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, with her husband after their marriage. Bride formerly Jean North-Ash, youngest daughter of Archdeacon and Mrs. North-Ash, of North Sydney.

CAN imagine it'll be an early rise with a great whirling of egg-beaters and sifting of flour for members of the committee of the Women's College building extensions find on October 6. On this day they plan to serve a delicious home-made afternoon tea on the lawn outside the college after one hour's modern music in the dining-hall of the Women's College. Latest compositions of Lennox Berkeley, Vaughan Williams, and Martin Long will be played. Miss Betty Archdale and Miss Ethel Ranken are the main organisers of the day. Mrs. Gregory Blaxland is doing the decor and plans for the extensions to the college will be on view.

CHOOSING race week, when all their country friends will be in Sydney, Peter and Pat White, of Edinglassie, Muswellbrook, send invitations for christening of their baby daughter, four-months-old Jennifer Anne, for October 4 at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Jennifer Anne's godmothers will be Mrs. Fred Moses, of Valais, Willow Tree, who is Peter's sister, and Mrs. Ken Brudenell-Woods. Herbert Kirby will stand proxy for George Archer, who is in England. Baby's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, of Jervis Bay, can't be present, as they're holidaying in New Guinea.

OTTAWA, Canada, has definite flavor of old home week. I hear from Mrs. Frank Forde, wife of Australian High Commissioner, Mr. Forde, when Sydney visitors arrive in town. Mr. W. P. Donohoe, of Kensington, and his daughter, Kathleen, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Campbell, of Killara, and Mr. J. Nigle, who is secretary of the R.S.L., are among Australian visitors.

Mrs. Forde tells me she has interesting and cosmopolitan day at big Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto early this month. At International Day luncheon she was guest with women representing 18 countries. Her daughters, Mary and Mercia, accompanied her to the luncheon.

THIS Friday chosen by Beverley Kirby, of Cremorne, and her fiance, Ken Chapman, of Singleton, for their wedding at St. Stephen's, Willoughby. Friends will forgo their Windsor Gardens after ceremony for reception.

BRIEFLY: Recently returned from trip to Scotland is Mrs. M. M. Redfern, of Potts Point, who has been visiting relatives and friends not seen for 40 years. Civil Engineering student Edwin McCloskey and Betty Vanny choose Our Lady of Dolours Church, Chatswood, for their marriage. Betty's hand-engraved wedding ring was made from a 60-year-old wedding ring belonging to her grandmother. Sister Daisy Miller, formerly of Bombala, sails for South Africa in Nestor.

PRETTY, brown-haired Moira Ellis and Bill Twohill announce their engagement on Moira's birthday, and celebrate with a family party. Moira, who was at school with Bill's sister Nell, is wearing an oblong sapphire ring with diamond shoulders. She is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Ellis, of Woolahara, and Bill is the second son of Mrs. G. Twohill, of Edgcliff.

YOUNG country lass Rosemary Armstrong, of Coomooran, Goodindwindi, is entertained by her aunt, Mrs. Peter Farley, at luncheon at Romano's when she holidays in Sydney as guest of Gay Jones. Gay is also invited to luncheon with Mrs. F. F. Robinson and her son Peter.

BELIEVE Ruth Brage and her attractive daughter Sally, of Ross-gold, Aberdeen, who flew to England in August, are having super time abroad and plan to spend three months more in England.

Joyce



SHE ISN'T A DAY OLDER

Household drudgery ages many women before their time, but fifteen years of housework in a rural, non-electrified area have left this woman's face as young as ever. Her husband is a wise man. He knows that housework can be made easy by modern, kerosine operated equipment. With her kerosine refrigerator, cooker, hot-water system, bath-heater and radiators, she has less work, more leisure. She has stayed young in heart and appearance. Kerosine operated household units mean city comfort for country families; a new lease of life for country housewives.

The perfect fuel for your kerosine operated units is Pennant—approved by all leading manufacturers. Your local storekeeper has ample stocks.



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STEWART

looked up as Prue came closer, and for a second as his eye slid coldly over her she felt a tremor of apprehension. He was undoubtedly put out. Then he jumped quickly to his feet. "Hallo, for a minute I didn't recognise you. Shall we go and eat? I've fixed the table; it wasn't easy."

She followed him down the short, broad flight of stairs into the arena of the restaurant, and her heart gave a little skip of excitement, as if the curtains on a stage were just parting. This was it: the realisation of a dream born ten years ago.

As he fingered the menu and spoke to the waiter, she gazed about her, over the great expanse of tables towards the windows which overlooked the Embankment. It was wonderful, and she turned smilingly to Stewart to tell him so.

The waiter gone, he said impatiently: "I can't think what made you insist on coming here. It seems a crazy idea to me."

His disapproval killed her joy. She knew instinctively the charm hadn't worked. Stewart would say what he meant to say in the Savoy, in the Krenlin, or on Brighton Pier. She said bleakly, "I've always wanted to come here."

She waited until the hors-d'oeuvres had been placed before them, and then she said, "Did you want to talk to me about something special?"

"Yes," he said, "I did, but I had counted on seeing you somewhere a little quieter."

He glanced about him a little uneasily. "Let's leave it for the moment." Suddenly he reached under the table and gave her hand a squeeze, so that she smiled radiantly at him and said happily, "Do you like my hat?"

He looked at it gravely. "It's different," he said guardedly. "What made you buy it?"

"To please you," she said gaily. "Green roses," he said, meditatively. "It wouldn't stand up to rain."

"But it doesn't always rain." "It may do any time." He glanced at the jacket, and she explained quickly, "That's just borrowed."

Silence wrapped them round, and suddenly she had to know, though it was like asking him to plunge a knife into her.

"Stewart, I'd rather you told me now what you wanted to tell me. Once she had asked him she felt calmer. A wicked and quite unpremeditated thought reminded her that soon she would know whether she was going to Switzerland or not. Shocked, she stamped it out.

"Very well."

Stewart swallowed and looked about him, and then back at his plate.

"Very well," he repeated. "It's just that I think we've been getting a little off our course lately. We haven't made much of a team . . . not like we used to be." He began to stumble and she picked him up: "What you mean is that you want to break off the engagement. That's it, isn't it?"

He stared at her in horror. "Good grief no. I wouldn't do that for anything in the world. You should know that. What on earth gave you that idea? I've just been beginning to feel uneasy because we have been slipping away from our original plans lately, and we've been spending more than we should."

"How?" she said abruptly. "Oh," he hedged, and then plunged on. "Going to too many films, that day in the country a fortnight ago, a lunch in a place like this, and that pineapple you rushed off and bought the other day from a barrow." He glanced at her hat, but didn't say anything.

"But I'd never tasted fresh pineapple. That's why I bought it."

"It was money thrown away. You didn't like it when you tasted it."

She stared at him in startled silence, a little frightened of the thoughts that were stirring in her heart.

Young and Reckless

Continued from page 4

"I know it isn't easy for you, Prue," he went on. "You're only twenty, but we must think of the future now, darling, or we'll never have one, not the kind you want. We both agreed that we've got to start off right, with our own house and money in the bank to meet any emergency."

His eyes were pleading, a little bewildered, as he went through the argument that he had rehearsed to himself a hundred times. Prue sat still, the muscles of her mouth and cheeks stiff, all of her shocked into complete rigidity.

She saw with extraordinary clarity that Stewart was haunted by the future, that he would always be haunted by it, a treacherous, perilous future, in which every conceivable emergency waited to pounce upon him.

He went on, growing a little less uneasy, surer of her, as his grip tightened on his argument.

"To do this we need five hundred pounds in the bank. That's the figure we agreed would give us a solid basis to work upon, and we'll never get it if we fritter money on films every week, eating at places like this, pineapples and," this time he did say it, "lancy hats."

The hat! Her fingers reached up to it briefly in a gesture of affection. It had been bought for love. And the pineapple! It had been quite immaterial that she hadn't liked it. It had been the joy of experimenting. She said, half to herself, "I thought you were bored with me."

"Prue, how could you think like that?"

"I don't know," she whispered miserably, but she did. Remorselessly the unwelcome answer pressed

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 500 to 1000 words; articles up to 1200 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every story is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Mac 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

itself upon her: Because I was bored with you. She stared at him, ashamed of herself, soaking in the truth she had been evading for weeks.

The love she had watched dying had been her own, not his, but she had clung to the idea of being loved. Once she had loved him, or thought she had, and pinned a dream on him, or thought she had. Now she knew she no longer loved him, her life was left just as frighteningly empty as if it had been he who had fallen out of love with her.

Panic-stricken, she looked across the sea of white-clothed tables. Under the tablecloth she took off her ring and slipped it into his hand.

"No," he said so loudly that people turned and stared. "Prue, do think what you're doing. We must be able to talk over things like this calmly, iron out our differences like two sensible people. I don't want to nag you, but everything is more difficult nowadays than it has ever been, and if we don't make sacrifices now we'll never get the sort of life we want."

What sort of life . . . hers or his? A dome of ice-cream was placed before her. She denied it with her spoon and left it.

"Don't you want to get married, Prue?"

She shook her head. Clumsily he took her hand and pushed the ring on again. "Think about it, Prue. Don't do anything irrevocable now. There's no need. We'll talk about it when you get back from your week at home."

"I'm not going home," she said. "I'm going to Switzerland instead." "But you've only got a week's leave left. You can't possibly go all that way for such a short time."

"I can," she said deliberately; "because I'm going to fly there and back."

"Prue!" He was aghast. "Have you thought how much it will cost? The fare alone will be over twenty pounds."

"I know." She looked at him steadily.

He said helplessly, "I can't think what's come over you."

"I've finished," she said. "I'd like to go now."

"All right." Anger and anxiety clashed in his face. Anxiety won. "Prue, I think you've taken leave of your senses."

"Perhaps I never had any," she snapped, but the thought hurt her. Would any sensible girl do such a foolhardy thing as to cast away the love of a young man who was so kind and dependable? She put her napkin in a crumpled heap by her plate, and she hated herself.

She stood on the carpeted steps and looked over her shoulder for a second into the restaurant. To come here was a dream she had cherished for years, and now it was not only dead, but as long as she lived she would hate the memory of its fulfilment.

They walked in silence through the revolving doors.

"Taxi, sir?"

For a moment Prue's hopes flared up. If Stewart said yes and took her back to the office in a taxi, so that they were alone for a little while in the dark cab, where she could feel his arms about her, all this hideous luncheon might dissolve like a nightmare with the daylight.

She might discover a dozen qualities that would make her fall in love with Stewart all over again. And she yearned so desperately to love him, to love somebody. But even a crisis couldn't make him rash.

He shook his head. And that Prue knew, was the end.

As he waited with her for her bus, he said unhappily, "I do wish you wouldn't do this, Prue. I can't think what's upset you to this extent. Something has got into you, I know, but I'm sure if you'll only give yourself time to think the whole thing over calmly, you'll see you're making a big mistake." Shock and confusion combined to make him pompous.

"No, Stewart. It's no use." She couldn't have explained it to him.

Inside the bus she took off her glove and put the ring in her purse. To-morrow she'd send it back to Stewart. As the bus drew away from the pavement, she looked through the window and saw him shouldering his way through the crowds, a little taller than average, a frown on his face.

Her father had described him as a well-set-up young man with a fine future ahead of him; her mother as kind and thoroughly dependable. Once he had been the light of her whole world.

And she had thrown him away, for what? For a pineapple, a hat with green roses, a week in a country where the mountains rose like white pyramids into the sky . . . and also for something which she could not put into words: a fierce delight in the hours as they were lived, in dreams that would not fit into any budget drawn up on a ruled sheet of paper.

Perhaps no one else would ever want to marry her; equally well someone might. She saw herself on a prairie, where golden corn bowed to the wind, shielding her eyes against the sun, waiting for a man who strode towards her . . . she saw herself standing in the prow of a ship that dipped into and then breasted the waves.

And when she got off the bus there was no sorrow left in her heart for herself, only for Stewart, and the only thing she was ashamed of was that she was hungry.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 1, 1949

"Merry Macs" harmony team lives up to name

After shows, they exchange any criticism in polite notes

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

An original brand of "musical shorthand" is used by brilliant close harmony team the Merry Macs to achieve their streamlined blend of singing effect.

The quartet, who have appeared in several films, are at present appearing at the Tivoli, Melbourne, for five weeks, and will return to Australia to tour other States later.

WITH their "musical shorthand" the Merry Macs familiarise themselves with new song numbers by discarding musical scores and singing from lyrics marked with their special code signs.

These signs indicate when the team should take a breath, anticipate a beat, hang on a word, or break into dance routine.

The Merry Macs are painstaking artists to a degree. But they work together with an air of such infectious gaiety they just seem to be five happy people having a terrific lot of fun.

"Meet McMichael, McMichael, McMichael, Chamberlain, and Erard—sound like a firm of solicitors, don't we?" grinned Judd McMichael, introducing himself, his wife Marjory, his brother Ted, arranger-composer Roy Chamberlain, and fifth member of the team, Clive Erard.

"We were going to be barristers, but we never got past the bar," Judd sorrowfully explained.

Lovely honey-blond Marjory, who alleges that her husband married her to keep the team intact, says the secret of the Merry Macs' off-stage harmony is the strict rule

that performances must never be discussed for at least half an hour after the show.

Then it can only take the form of politely written notes of constructive criticism.

Marjory, who is singing-dancing protégée and close friend of American stage and film star Mary Martin, is as glamorous a personality off-stage as she appears before the footlights.

She has an appealing sweetness of manner, which makes her adored by "the boys."

They gallantly travelled specially "light" from the United States to enable her to keep up her reputation for chic with a big wardrobe of lovely clothes, including a sumptuous lynx fur cape and fifteen pairs of shoes.

The Merry Macs' ascent to stardom was as smooth as their close harmony. The brothers, Judd, Ted, and Joe, sons of a Chicago theatre manager, began their career as a hobby, harmonising round the family piano with their parents and three uncles.

Later in the 1930's Judd, Ted, and Joe put their old songs over professionally as a radio trio. They



HARMONY TEAM, Ted McMichael, Marjory McMichael, Clive Erard, and Judd McMichael rehearse hit number "Natch." Fifth member of team is arranger-composer- pianist Roy Chamberlain

then increased the popularity of their radio act by adding a decorative croonette to sing as a quartet. In 1936, when the British dance band leader Jack Hylton visited America he signed them up to tour the United States with him.

When Joe joined the Air Corps during the war another popular American singer, Lynn Allen, "stood in" for him.

But Joe was never to return to the act. The brothers were inconsolable when he contracted a kidney complaint on service and died just after his wartime marriage.

Lynn stayed with the Macs until last year in England, when homesickness for his wife and new baby made him quit the always-on-the-move team. Clive Erard was signed up to replace him.

Marjory already had a big following as nightclub star and model when she was persuaded by her sister, who is a voice coach in Hollywood, to consider joining the group five years ago.

The meeting of the Macs and Marjory resulted in a two years' partnership. It was after she left them to return to nightclub work again in New York that she and

Judd realised how much they cared for each other.

A cyclonic courtship and marriage in Mexico brought her back to the quartet for keeps.

The team have to rush back to Hollywood after a five weeks' season to go on set with Bing Crosby in a new picture which hasn't yet been titled.

They have a great flair for choosing brand-new songs which top the hit parade on release. Their decision to record "Slow Boat To China" practically before ink was dry on Frank Loesser's composition is one instance of this.

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MAKING

no attempt to hide her nervousness, the girl put out a timorous hand and withdrew it hastily. "He . . . he looks frightening," she said.

"Pat un, I say," Steen repeated.

"I don't think dogs like me," she said, making herself touch the massive head, noting its sullen eyes.

She knew very little about dogs, and was surprised when Steen said, "Couldn't do you harm anyway. He's old. Past usefulness. Gettin' ready for bait or bullet."

She said, "You don't mean you'd destroy him?" The callousness disturbed her. She wanted to say something on the dog's behalf. "He's obedient," she said. "I don't know how you could do away with him."

"Nothin' wrong with doin' away with things as is past usefulness," Steen said. "To heel, Grif."

She watched the dog obey, cringing, and was filled with compassion. "I wonder if he knows what you have in mind for him," she said.

"Taint his job to wonder," he told her. "He's my servant, and did not Paul, the apostle, bid servants they should be obedient to them that is their masters with fear and trembling?"

She could not resist saying, "But the dog can't read the Bible."

"I have learned it to un," he said without humor. "He knows if he don't obey he'll get lash. One thing I'll say for un. He ain't got evil tongue like old woman in kitchen. I'm warnin' you, niece; old witch is given to slander. Mind's goin'."

He tapped his forehead, knowingly, then set off at a brisk gait towards the post-and-rail fence surrounding the homestead. "Climb," he said, when they reached it. "Can't waste time goin' by gate."

She followed him for an hour, almost running at times to keep up. The dog, ignoring her, kept dutifully at Steen's heels as he talked interminably of the land.

Land, land, land, she thought. You'd think there was nothing else in the world. Land and fences to keep things in, or was it out? Anyway, to prove to others it was yours.

He was preoccupied with Garvie's dividing fences, grumbling about his neglect, pointing out to her the things that had been left undone. Content to appear a good listener, her thoughts were on the hill which was Hucksditch or Silvaneella according to your fancy, gladly aware that each moment brought it nearer.

"The Garvie place," Steen said, suddenly, and waved, and she saw sheltering in the shadow of the hill, and till now hidden by the tall gums, the white walls of a homestead.

Steen leaned on a fence, staring with proprietorial interest. To the right of them and almost smothered in a tangle of bush and creeper, in queer contrast to the trim land they had traversed, she could make out another building.

His eyes followed hers, and, forestalling questions, he said, "There's nothin' there. Nothin' o' consequence. A house fallin' to pieces like most things Garvie owns."

Whatever interest she might have felt in the ruin was dissipated by the sudden appearance of Steve Garvie, who emerged from the trees clustering about the old house.

He came striding towards them, a tall, handsome figure in his country clothes and wide hat, neat leather leggings close-fitting to spotless trousers. For a ridiculous moment she had the impression he was playing a part. Juvenile lead in a stock melodrama.

But she felt her heart leaping as she saw his eyes wander appreciatively from her hat, over her flushed face, to the simple green blouse and holland skirt she'd put on for comfort and coolness.

"Hello, hello, hello," Garvie welcomed. "How's our visitor to-day?"

Steen stood eyeing him, and something in his expression made the girl feel that it was for this meeting that he had dressed formally.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 5

He said: "Been lookin' at your fences, Garvie. You're way behind in your repair work. When your father was boss o' Hucksditch there was never no bother between us. A word was a word."

"I heard you'd lodged a complaint," Garvie said. "As a matter of fact I've had so much to do . . ."

"Such as Hunt Club dancin' at Kinalenddy," Steen said, pointedly.

"Oh, come, Mr. Steen," Garvie retorted, unruffled. "We're only young once. And I refuse to quarrel on such a lovely morning. Look, Miss Steen . . . Vashti . . . up there! Tell me you think my Silvaneella is beautiful."

Steen murmured in disgust, but she said with enthusiasm, "Yes, it is; indeed it is."

"I call it my green lady," he said, half to himself and dropping his voice so that she might be sure it was intended for her ears alone. "Ma petite verte."

She had only the vaguest idea what it meant, but it sounded like music. If she were up there on Silvaneella and he murmured ma petite verte like that, his head nestling against hers, his arm about her, she knew . . .

Abruptly she came back to earth. He was saying something Refi Steen could hear and sneer about later but which she knew was intended for her alone. "I always say," he was saying lightly, "ten o'clock's the time to climb Silvaneella. I'm usually up there then, when the sun's high and you can see the sea and the country for miles around."

Artist's Holiday

THE Macpherson Ranges, up along the Queensland border, are worth a couple of weeks of anyone's vacation.

But they are still too untamed to be everyone's vacation dish, and the ordinary tourist does not penetrate to the small villages tucked away in the ranges, where the true color of the district is to be found.

It is there that you meet horses, men, and dogs back from mustering—the men, in the happy-go-lucky garb of the bush, eager to shake a long thirst.

Hal Missingham, Director of the National Gallery of New South Wales, spent his last holiday in the ranges. He went armed with canvases and brushes, a sketch-book, and a keen sense of humor.

One canvas (the kind of thing you will like to frame and hang in your home) and some of his black-and-white sketches are reproduced in the September issue of A.M., the magazine for men and women.

The full-page Missingham color reproduction alone is worth many times the 1/- which A.M. costs.

"And the fences that need repairs," Steen put in, glowering.

"Ten o'clock I call my fairy time," Garvie went on, disregarding him. "That's when Morgana is at her best. You must climb my hill and see it some morning, Vashti."

"Vashti'll have other things to do at Pelverson at ten in the mornin', Mr. Garvie," Steen said. "You may keep your fairies to yourself. Good-day to you. Come, Vashti."

"Oh, but I say," Garvie protested. "You can't go off like that."

"We'll be goin', Garvie."

"But really . . . Vashti . . ."

"We'll be goin', niece," Steen took her arm firmly, urging her.

She looked back over her shoulder. "Good-bye," she said, shakily, and saw that he was standing, grinning, holding up both his hands, the ten fingers outspread, gesturing meaningly with his head toward Silvaneella.

After they had trudged a while, Steen said, "I been thinkin', Vashti. There'll be those wantin' to marry you as won't be acceptable. Maybe Steve Garvie'll be one."

Her heart fluttered at the prospect, but she managed to say, "Why . . . that's ridiculous. I hardly know him. He's scarcely spoken to me."

"Women round here find themselves wives almost soon as man has looked at un."

"Oh!"

"If they thought Refi Steen had put his niece in will they'd be buzzin' like flies round honey-pot."

She was startled. That was something that had occurred to neither Spellman nor herself. And it made a difference. She hoped she'd be able to see Spellman and talk to him before . . .

"Buzz, buzz," Steen was saying. "Like bees round honey."

"Suppose I don't want them to buzz," she said.

He ignored that. "Pelverson's a fine prize for a man, and I'll not give you to a chap who puts poetry before work."

She flushed indignantly. "I've no intention of marrying," she said as they reached the post and rail fence surrounding the homestead.

"Stuff and nonsense," he said, curtly. "I can't live forever. And I shouldn't be surprised if there's them who would like me to die before my time. There'll not be many who'll weep even at funeral, but the land'll miss me."

The unexpected note of wistfulness touched her, but he spoiled it immediately.

"I shall make you mistress here," he went on, "and you shall marry and breed Steens. I must set eyes on future master o' Pelverson before I go aloft, so sooner the better. Over fence, now."

She was trembling with indignation when, later, she climbed the stairs to her room, and really angry at the way Steen was arranging her life. In the flurry of ruffled emotions she'd forgotten that none of the plans of the old man mattered to her. Spellman would come within a week and off they'd go.

A week! Now, remembering Steve Garvie holding up his spread fingers making a mute appointment for an indefinite day, she wasn't so sure she wanted to get away so soon. She wished, though, she wasn't so isolated, that there was a way of reaching Spellman before he came so that they might talk things over.

She opened the door of her room and stepped inside. The window was still curtainless, but that side of the house was away from the sun, and just for a moment she did not see Jedidah sitting bolt upright on the bed, holding in her hand the small jar that had dropped from the canopy during the night.

"Where did you get that?" she asked.

"From your bag," Jedidah said, coolly. "Thought I was doin' you a good turn, unpackin'."

"It isn't mine."

"Was covered with your chemises."

"I found it on the bed. It fell in the night . . . through that hole in the canopy." She pointed. She'd been a fool to put it in her bag, a bigger fool to forget it, but she'd been hurried and bossed all the day, given no time to think clearly.

Jedidah was holding the jar out, staring at it. "What's it for?" she asked at length.

"I don't know. How should I know? I told you it isn't mine."

"It says 'Poison,' doesn't it?"

"You've got it in your hand. You can see for yourself."

"I can't read," Jedidah said.

"Oh! . . . then how did you know it was poison?"

"I can read that word. I got that fixed in my head like red light for danger." She pointed a skinny forefinger at the label on the jar. "It's got some more writing. What's it say?"

Please turn to page 24

TEENA



By
HILDA TERRY
**Net
score**



CAROLINE LAMB

THIS was too much. Caroline rushed into the supper-room and slashed her arms with broken glass.

London society could not stand such a scene as this, even from one of Caroline's exalted rank. It turned against her.

She retired to Brocket, her husband's country house, where she played the organ all night or walked the corridors like a ghost.

William remained intensely loyal.

He took her to Paris, where she pursued the Duke of Wellington and dined and danced with the greatest men of the age—Talleyrand, Metternich, Lord Castlereagh. She was again in high good humor.

The death blow to Caroline's social position was the publication of her first novel, "Glenarvon," in which she tells the history of her romance with Byron and holds up to ridicule most of her friends and relatives.

Even William could not stand by and see his friends mocked by his wife, and he, at last, agreed to sign a deed of separation, which his family had urged for months.

But the night before the deed was to be signed, Caroline rushed down to Brocket and threatened to lie on

Continued from page 18

William's doormat all night in penitence.

In the morning the lawyers found her sitting on William's knee laughing uproariously! The spell of her charm for him was still unbroken.

Caroline tried yet another comeback. She now found her friends among the intellectuals and published more novels and some poems.

She even took to politics, and in the 1819 elections was the centre of just the sort of dramatic episode she loved when her carriage was stoned and she stepped out and said:

"I am not afraid of you. I know you will not hurt a woman, for you are Englishmen."

Last years

BUT she had nearly played out her part. From the time she saw Byron's funeral by accident as she was driving out one day, her mind gradually became less and less stable.

She galloped madly through London parks and streets, broke as much as £200 worth of crockery in a morning, and because she could not endure regular meals had food placed all over the house so that she could pick at it.

• Books which give an interesting picture of the strange psychology of Lady Caroline Lamb include "The Young Melbourne," by Lord David Cecil; "Lord Byron in His Letters," by V. H. Collins; "To Lord Byron," by George Paston and Peter Quennell; and "Lady Caroline Lamb," by Elizabeth Jenkins.

Once again the question of a separation arose, and she actually went to Paris, but declared the allowance of £200 from William was so little that she was in danger of dying of starvation.

Once again William relented and she came back to Brocket, this time to sticken for the disease of dropsy that was to cause her death in 1828.

It was in her agonising death that she did at last become the heroine she had always longed to be. She faced it without flinching and staged a magnificent death-bed scene. William was in Ireland, and she said, "Send for William, he is the only person who has never failed me."

Nothing could sum up her life better than her own words:

"I am like the wreck of a little boat, for I never came up to the sublime and beautiful. Merely a little gay merry boat which perhaps stranded itself at Vauxhall or London Bridge."

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FISH SUPREME EN CASSEROLE

1 level tablespoon flour; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk; 4 ozs. Fish Supreme; 2 hard-cooked, sliced eggs; 2 medium size, sliced tomatoes; 1 small chopped onion; 2 cups mashed potato; pepper and salt.

Mix flour to a thin paste with 2 tablespoons of milk. Boil remaining milk and stir into flour gradually and add pepper and salt. Mix with Fish Supreme and mix in half the sliced eggs and the chopped onion. Place in a casserole and bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 15 minutes. Remove from oven, decorate with mashed potato, remaining egg and tomato slices. Return to oven for 5 minutes. Serves 4.



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There's tip-top flavour at rock-bottom cost in these delicious Fish Supreme Savouries.

1 tablespoon diced celery; 1 tablespoon diced onion; 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; 3 tablespoons flour; 2 cups milk; 1 tin Kraft Fish Supreme; salt and pepper.

Cook celery and onion in butter slowly until tender. Add flour and mix well. Gradually add the milk, stirring constantly until thickened. Cook about 2 minutes, stir in Fish Supreme gently. Season and serve piping hot on toast.

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KRAFT FISH SUPREME
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Poison in the House

Continued from page 22

THE girl sat down beside Jedidah on the bed. "It says Dandaloo Pharmacy," she said. "Listen, Jedidah," she hurried on, "I'm telling you the truth. There was someone in my room last night. I heard a movement above the bed and this thing plumped on to the bedclothes. It must have been on top of the canopy. Perhaps whoever came in was looking for it."

She went on, trying to break the other's silence. "Good Heavens! Why would I bring poison into the house?"

Jedidah looked at her squarely. "Why not?"

"But, Jedidah."

"There's some as might want old un out of way because they's greedy," the housekeeper said slowly. "There's others hate him or are scairt of him. And there's some might want revenge."

"Revenge? Revenge for what?"

"You ask that! You . . . Vashti Steen!" She rose and put the jar on the bedside table and walked to the door.

"Old un's got a clipped lip," she said, "but he couldn't keep it to himself when your mother died. He said a prayer when he got the lawyer's letter. 'Lord above,' he prayed, 'I thank ye for takin' this wanton to be judged before ye.' Wanton he called her, and her just gone."

"He was glad she was dead?"

"To his way she were an abomination. Play-actin', I've heard."

"Yes, she was a play-actress."

"And you a governess. It don't seem to fit."

The girl did not speak. Jedidah's eyes travelled slowly over her face, feature by feature.

She said at length, "I dunno . . . In church they teach you judge not." She went on quickly, "I ain't judgin' you, Vashti Steen. I never did have mother to my knowledge, but, if I'd had, and a man prayed he was glad she was dead, I would want to kill un too."

Jedidah had gone, closing the door after her, before the girl could protest, explain to her that the poison had come from Dandaloo, where she had been but once in her life, and then for only a few moments and in the company of others.

She seized the jar from the table and, standing exasperated and undecided, was all at once aware that the handle of the door was turning. She thrust the jar among the clothes in her bag from which Jedidah had taken it, as Holper appeared.

"Holper," she said, "you mustn't come here. You know what happens."

"I was hiding in the empty room," he said, as if it were a great feat. "I just wanted to look. Are you going round and round?"

"I don't know what you mean," she cried. "Go away, please. Mr. Steen will thrash you."

"He's away in the five-acre paddock."

"He may come back," she pleaded urgently. "Go away. Don't come up here . . . ever."

"I used to come often, before," he said. "But the door was always locked, so I peeped through the keyhole. Then I could see you . . . round and round."

He repeated in a childish sing-song, "Round and round," and made a circular motion with his pointed fingers, following the worn track on the carpet.

On the inspiration of the moment she said, "Holper! Did you come here last night? In the middle of the night?"

"Often I watch," he said vaguely. "Round and round."

The dog barked in the yard below and immediately his eyes registered alarm. His shoulders seemed to shrink and his gangling arms

wrapped themselves about his frail body protectingly. She opened the door for him, and watched him sidling down the stairway and was relieved to hear no accosting voice.

After a little interval she followed him, determined to make Jedidah understand about the jar. The woman was sitting at the kitchen table, preparing vegetables for the evening meal, and she placed the jar upon the table alongside the loose potatoes.

Jedidah's eyes flickered to it, then to the kitchen door. "I don't want naught to do with it," she said.

"But I've got to explain. Look at it . . . oh, I forgot. I'll read the label to you. It says 'Poison' . . . in big letters. Then this printing is 'Dandaloo Pharmacy,' and this little writing in ink on the corner is a date."

"A date?"

"Don't you see? I want you to understand I couldn't have brought it here. It was bought at Dandaloo on February 2nd. I was miles away . . . hundreds of miles."

She suddenly remembered the calendar and crossed the kitchen. "See . . . I left Perth on the Monday. That was . . . why, Jedidah, that's strange. The date on the jar is marked on the calendar, too."

Jedidah looked up quickly. "That's just chancey," she said.

"It's funny, though. I'd better tell Mr. Steen."

"No, you mustn't do that," Jedidah said quickly. "You'd make trouble."

"For whom?"

JEDIDAH looked about her uneasily, evading the question. She stood up, eyeing the jar, wiping her wet hands on her apron, her brow perplexed. The dog barked from the yard again, and she picked up the jar and hurried with it into the pantry. When she emerged she shut the door behind her.

"None goes there but me," she said.

"Don't you think we should tell Mr. Steen?"

"There's been enough bother in this house," Jedidah said. "Don't you be addin' to it." She seated herself and began peeling the potatoes. "You can help," she said, and slid a knife across the table.

The dog had stopped barking and for a little while there was silence in the kitchen. A patch of sunlight lit the cobbled court beyond the door and Holper moved into distant vision carrying a dish and followed by a flock of chattering hens.

"How old is Holper?" the girl asked.

"Nearly as old as me."

"No? Not really?"

"I'm not used to being named liar," Jedidah said sharply.

"You know I didn't mean that. He's . . . well . . . he looks boyish at times, and yet he might have lived centuries."

"The devil played a trick on him. With Holper time don't mean nothing." She dipped a potato into a bowl of water. "Steen says he bawled Garvie out this mornin'. D'you have nice talk with him?"

"Indeed, no. No more than good-day and good-bye." It had been a little more than that, but she couldn't tell Jedidah. She couldn't confide in this cross, suspicious, prematurely old woman, although she was dying to tell someone that Garvie wanted to see her, had actually made an appointment of sorts.

She simply had to find out where Steen would be at ten in the morning. If not next morning, the morning after.

Jedidah was saying, "Best put him out of your thoughts. Ref'll have none of him."

"I shall speak to anyone I like."

Please turn to page 29

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 1, 1949



ANTI-SHRINK
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Featured in frocks by "ADELYN", "ROSECROFT" and "COMMANDER"
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"They went thataway."



"For years I just drifted from one trade to another, then one day a friend suggested an aptitude test."

It seems to me...

HOW little boys are to be taught, that crime doesn't pay I'm sure I don't know.

Here's this Sicilian bandit Salvatore Gaillano hitting the front pages of the world day after day.

While thousands of armed police have been looking for him, a group of Italian M.P.s are now lauding him as the hero of Sicilian independence, say that he isn't a wicked bandit at all, but the C-in-C of an underground army fighting for Sicily's independence.

Drawing the line between the criminal and the picturesque outlaw always presents some difficulties.

The passage of time tends to put more and more of the former into the latter category. Every country has its tradition of Robin Hoods, Ned Kellys, and Jesse James', and anyone who endeavors to say they weren't as good as they're painted has the weight of popular feeling against him.

Mothers, knowing that the first words most of their small sons lip is "stick 'em up," may think that hero-worship of modern bandits goes too far.

Perhaps they needn't worry. It's astonishing how many of the small boys who delight in stories of law-breaking, murder, robbery, and arson grow up into law-abiding householders who handle nothing more lethal than lawn-mowers.

WHILE it's often impossible to remember what it was you wanted to buy in the lunch-hour, some small scrap of information will stick firmly in the memory and refuse to be dislodged.

One such I read a few weeks back in a magazine. It stated baldly that the temperature of the hands is lowest at 4 p.m., highest at 11 p.m.

Don't ask me why. That was the sum total of the information, which didn't appear particularly useful. Then it rang a bell. Since pastry-making needs cool hands, perhaps the item could serve as a hint to housewives.

THE Bing Crosby research foundation has developed pills which will make straight hair curly.

Hope they're more effective than crusts.

THERE'S been a good deal of excitement in New South Wales about the new Riverina express, lauded as the most modern train in Australia.

Please, no nasty remarks, such as "that wouldn't be difficult." The deficiencies of the general run of our trains, besides being well known to ourselves, are frequently pointed out by visitors.

Still, this new one adds to the handful of comfortable models. The Spirit of Progress has its nose quite out of joint with all the publicity and is snorting away to itself about border jealousies.

Can't say I care much for the news that the new train has a public address system to be used for describing places of interest as well as giving timetable information.

I don't mind the timetable information, but prefer tourist publicity available in printed form rather than blared through a loud-speaker.

I expect this is due to a preference for visual rather than aural education.

It may even be a prejudice born of the fact that I earn my living by the printed and not the spoken word.

By



Dorothy Drain

I KNOW it's frightfully parochial and I ought to be ashamed, but I couldn't help feeling pleased when a secret bit of war history was published the other day.

It was the story about Canadian soldiers being asked by U.S. Customs officials for duty on new rifles when they were about to cross the Alaskan border to join American forces in 1943.

The incident was told by the Canadian Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Lester Pearson, who also related the solution—the White House declared the Canadians "distinguished foreign visitors."

Sometimes during the war one came to believe that our own defence system had a monopoly of red tape. "Ah," people would say, "the Yanks are the folk who get things done. Why, they just wanted telephones (or flats, or fencing wire, or water pipes) in Brisbane (or Melbourne or Alice Springs), and when they were told they'd have to apply in the proper way, this Yank colonel I'm telling you about said, 'Application be —' And he just took the stuff. Yes, sir, the Yanks don't worry about red tape."

Oh, well, it makes us all more comfortable to have an instance of a granny-knot of U.S. red tape.

Nice ending, too. Calling the troops "distinguished foreign visitors" was in the best tradition of red tape disentangles.

And if there weren't any red tape to be disentangled what a lot of remarkable talent would languish undisplayed.

NEXT time you're feeling irked about the high cost of living and the newest rise of a penny on something or other, remember it's not confined to Australia.

A friend back from America tells me she tried to buy a set of carvers in New York, couldn't get any of the size we're accustomed to.

She discovered that meat was so expensive that most people bought only tiny joints. Consequently carvers now sold are miniature versions of the old types.

ACCORDING to Budget papers presented to Parliament, though last year's vote for Army research was £32,000, the actual expenditure was only £5.

The Army has squandered a foot. I wish I knew what it found out.

Nuclear fusion?

A secret mission?

Both rather more costly, no doubt.

A thousand or even a million.

If nothing to quibble about.

For inventors' expenses.

On atom defences.

But what would a foot find out?

There may be an answer, there must be.

What DID the Army find out?

It was cheap at the price.

And I hope it was nice.

Perhaps some new nostrum for gout?

Speculation is idle and worthless.

Perhaps the true answer is "None."

Let's leave it to history.

It makes a good mystery.

Whatever the Army found out

Thank you!

"POLAROID" Sun Glasses and Sunshields" particularly thank the many readers of the "Women's Weekly" of September 17th, who wrote in drawing attention to an error in the colour page on page 14 advertising POLAROID* products.

By mistake the little coloured pictures showing the great difference between the glare-free clear view through POLAROID* Sun Glasses and Sunshields, and the dimmed view through ordinary sun glasses, were transposed.

To readers who have experienced the wonderful relief from sun glare afforded by POLAROID* film, this was a very obvious error. Thanks for your interest and your understanding of the mistake!

Best under the sun

POLAROID

SUN GLASSES AND SUNSHIELDS

Australian Agents: A. J. DAWSON (PTY.) LTD.

Crown and Stanley Sts. SYDNEY, N.S.W.

* Registered Trade Mark of Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A. Patented in U.S.A., Gt. Britain, Aust., N. Africa, and other countries.

Good news for sufferers from IRREGULARITY



Kellogg's All-Bran is a natural Laxative... Health Food... Blood Tonic
No medicines needed

Your health depends on what you eat—every day. To-day's soft, mushy, over-cooked foods often lack the vital bulk your system needs for regular elimination. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies smooth-acting bulk which helps prepare internal wastes for easy, gentle and natural elimination... no medicines needed.

Health Food

Kellogg's All-Bran is actually richer in iron than spinach—and it is a natural source

of Vitamins B, for the nerves, B, for the eyes, Calcium for the teeth, Phosphorus for the bones and Niacin for the skin. It not only relieves constipation but builds you up day by day at the same time.

Kellogg's All-Bran has a tasty toasted, nutty flavour. You may prefer to eat it sprinkled over your favourite breakfast cereal or straight out of the packet with added fruit, milk and sugar. Sold at all grocers.



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
★ Registered Trade Mark

"My husband's a different man!"

Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes:
 "My husband has had a very bad spin with his stomach and kidneys. Many medicines failed to give him any relief. As I had been taking Menthoids with beneficial results myself for some time, he took some Menthoids, too, to please me. Now, after the Menthoids treatment, he is a different man.
 I thank you sincerely."

This human document shows the good that Menthoids can do—and that you can recommend this famous treatment to those of your friends who suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, etc

Menthoids will help you, too!

Menthoids contain no drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great blood medicine containing Thiopine. Menthoids help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment.

Here are several more reports on the Menthoid treatment:



A country woman writes:

"... I feel I owe Menthoids a debt of gratitude for the relief I have obtained, and will surely advise others to try them. The price is within the reach of all... My neuritis is also much improved and I have so far lost the very bad backaches I used to get."



This overseas visitor writes:

"I have just returned home after a holiday in Australia. I have been suffering from rheumatism for several years. Your Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids were recommended to me by a friend in Sydney. I have taken them for two months, I have found them so beneficial I should be glad if you will forward to me sufficient for two more months' treatment."



From the Blue Mountains this lady writes:

"Last year I had kidney trouble and cystitis very badly... I couldn't go anywhere, as I couldn't sit in a car or walk about; it was just misery. One of his friends told my husband about Menthoids, and he bought some Menthoids coming home from work. I took them for two months and gradually they cleared the trouble away, till now I am quite free of it... I am one person who is very grateful for Menthoids. I still take Menthoids, because they keep me free from acidity and constipation."

If you or your friends suffer the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches or Constipation, the Menthoid Treatment will help you, too.

How the Menthoid Treatment acts



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

This simple home treatment contains no dangerous drugs and may be taken by the most delicate patients.

In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and blood stream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Menthoids to-day and let the Menthoid treatment rid you of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Menthoids act quickly and progressively, reducing the level of poisonous toxins in your body, relieving your aches and pains and making you feel happy and well again.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

If you suffer from constant Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney or Bladder Weakness, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or similar ailments, get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6 with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6, from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a

postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES, BOX 4155, G.P.O., SYDNEY

and your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

WORTH Reporting

HUGE blocks of flats painted pale pink, blue, green, and yellow is one of the impressions of Sweden retained by Matron Helene D. Grey, of the Royal Melbourne Hospital, returned after heading the Australian Delegation to the International Nursing Conference in Stockholm.

The interim conference of the International Council of Nurses is held every four years, and this year marked the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Council. Over 3500 nurses, among them 60 from Australia, attended, and 35 nations were represented.

When all hotels and guest houses were full, the Swedish Nursing Association found accommodation for the overflow in hospitals.

"To see all those women, representing nearly every nation in the world, gathered to discuss how they could better their profession was an inspiring sight," Matron Grey said.

"Nurses forget nationalities when they're on the job. To them an ill person is an ill person, regardless of color, race, or creed."

Matron Grey was invited to afternoon tea with Princess Sibylla of Sweden, wife of the late Count Bernadotte, and described her as most attractive and charming.

OVER morning tea during the week we were talking about people's bedside reading invariably having a fascination for visitors which is entirely lacking in ordinary bookshelves. Everyone present admitted to at some time or other having felt impelled to sneak a secret glance at their host's bedside books.

One girl claimed to have seen "A Jockey's Memoirs," "Diary of the Voyage of H.M.S. Rattlesnake," and "The Essentials of Psychology" resting in the ray light of a friend's filled bedside lamp.

Moths are safe among these scientists

MOST people take a delight in killing moths, not encouraging them. But England has a moth farm which aims at breeding 75,000 clothes moths annually. It is conducted by the laboratory staff of the Bradford Conditioning House, which works for the British wool textile industry.

Tests conducted over the past 20 years have proved a clothes moth and its family capable of eating their way through 25 pounds of wool annually.

According to Mr. F. Liberton, who is in charge of the farm, it isn't full-grown moths—which don't eat at all—that do the damage, but moths in the early white grub stage.

British firms send the farm samples of cloth which have been treated against moth. After a 30-day experiment, during which ten half-grown moth grubs are put on it and left to do their worst, a certificate is issued to the makers declaring the material to be mothproof, fairly mothproof, not very mothproof, or not mothproof.



"You have a timid and retiring nature, and people are constantly taking advantage of you. That will be one guinea, please."

Customers can snooze if they like

AT least one barber in Sydney cannot be accused of the great volubility usually associated with those who spend their days cutting hair and shaving whiskers.

The barber is Mrs. L. G. Collier, who works in her husband's saloon, near the City Markets.

When we called, she was silently trimming the hair of one of her regular customers, and informed us that she talks only when customers seem to expect it. She certainly answered our questions very briefly.

She never cuts women's hair, and the only male who ever objected to her using the scissors on his head was aged four.

OF the 13 Natols listed in the Sydney telephone book, 10 show their occupation. Most have the word "Frutierer" after their name, a few preferring the more imaginative term "Grengrouter." One Natol—presumably a rugged individualist—calls himself "Storekeeper." Another, seeking for a classification not done to death by relatives bearing the same name, has been forced to compromise by listing himself as "Gen. Store."

Millionaire's holiday cost £15

TWO Adelaide girls, Jacqueline Hicks and Shirley Adams, have just finished a millionaire's holiday on the fashionable Cote d'Azur, at the cost of £15 between the two.

As members of the Adelaide branch of the Australian Youth Hostel Association they were able to stay in French youth hostels with which the Association is affiliated. It costs about 1/- to spend a night in a hostel, members cooking their own meals in community kitchens.

The girls hitch-hiked, starting off from Pontainebleau, which is on the "Blue Route," the direct road to the south. It took them two weeks' leisurely travelling to reach Marseilles. From there they went to the youth hostel at La Ciotat, on the Mediterranean.

They stayed a week, swimming and painting, and then went to the Avignon and Arles districts, famous as the Gauguin and Van Gogh country. Back in Paris, they saw the sights and had lessons at the studio of the famous French artist Fernand Leger.

Tramline closes after 54 years

WE asked Jim West, oldest driver on Sydney's now ended Rockdale-Brighton-le-Sands tram service, to come in and see us, but three uniformed transport employees presented themselves.

They were Jim, Fred Sawyer—his pal on the line for over 30 years—and senior conductor Clarry Cupitt, a comparative newcomer who's only been working with them for five years.

"We wouldn't have brought him," the two old cronies said, "except that he's such a good bloke."

"They were happy times on the old single-track run," Jim West said nostalgically. "We knew everyone, and everyone knew us. It was just like a family affair, with only seventeen of us at the depot, our own social club, and a smoke every three months."

The service's last run was a never-to-be-forgotten affair, with Fred driving with a laurel wreath around his neck, Jim standing beside him wearing part of his pre-World War One conductor's uniform, and Clarry autographing tickets.

"We were supposed to make the last run at 12.47," Jim said. "But with the singing, the crowd, and the souveniring, we didn't get away till one a.m."

Because all the lights had been souvenired, the final trip was made accompanied by a police car, ambulance, and escorting convoy of motorist well-wishers.

Two things specially touched the veteran drivers' hearts. One was being presented with posies by two little girls. The other was the presence on the last run of an elderly lady named Mrs. White, who always remembered the tram crew at Christmas.

After 54 years the service is to be replaced by buses. Jim and Fred, near retirement age, are now driving in the city. "It was because we wanted to stay on the old line that we turned down the chance of being ticket inspectors years ago," they said.

Clarry has already been made a bus conductor.

Now they're important, they're matronly

TOGETHER with the other ladies of Washington's top official society, Mrs. Harry Truman is reducing. She has lost 20 lbs., and observers say looks 20 years younger. She's done it by eating lightly and cutting out salt.

Next to the First Lady, Mrs. John Snyder, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury, has achieved the most spectacular results. She not only has dispensed with salt, but has cut liquids almost to the minimum, and eliminated most starches and fats.

The formerly massive Miss India Edwards, head of the Women's Division of the Democratic Party, has lost almost 20 lbs. She has cut out bread, butter, and all the rich things, but insists on one whisky and soda at every party, and two pieces of bacon at breakfast.

Another unorthodox dieter is Mrs. Perle Mesta, the United States' new Minister to Luxembourg. She never refuses a soft drink, eats reasonably well, but doesn't allow herself alcohol or fattening foods.

She started to diet, she says, when a society writer referred to her as "plump." She was not satisfied until—almost a year later—the same writer called her "petite, in black and white."

What decided the Washington reception-line ladies to diet, it seems, is summed up by Mrs. Fred Vinson, wife of the Chief Justice. "When we were young and slim no one ever took our pictures, but now we're getting old and fat we're continually being photographed from every angle."



Bewitching

Gemey—gay beauty aids of captivating fragrance

Now you can be sure of securing your requirements of distinguished Gemey preparations . . . sufficient of the matchless Gemey ingredients have become available to Richard Hudnut to maintain adequate stocks at your favourite supplier.



Gemey

Superbly Composed of Rare Fragrances Face Powder, Perfume, Flaming Cream, Rouge, Talcum, Cosmetics, Creaming Lotion, Brilliance.

CREATIONS OF RICHARD HUDNUT

GS.112.47



1: The first night. "Nonsense! Herman Appledunk Macdonald is a lovely name!"
2: When they have known each other for one month. "Oh, Mac!"
3: By the time a year has passed it's come to this. "Hey, Fuzzbrain!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 1, 1949

No one Proposes to running Noses

No one indeed. But why have a running nose when your head can be cleared, your dry, sore throat soothed so easily, so pleasantly—with a SWEET with a delicious flavour?

You've a heavy date—and a heavy cold? Slip a packet of Allen's BUTTER MENTHOL'S in your wallet, and don't take "No" from a running Nose.

The Menthol clears your Head

ALLEN'S BUTTER MENTHOL Cough Drops

The Butter soothes your Throat

A. W. ALLEN LIMITED

STEAM HOLLERS, ACE CHEWING GUM AND Q.T. FRUIT DROPS

Page 27

J

JEDIDAH entered a dry little laugh, stifled almost at birth. "There's but one in this house who says who'll speak to who."

The girl rested elbows on the table, her chin cupped in her palms. "Jedidah," she said, "you've been here always... well, I mean, almost always."

"Seems like."

"Why did Reff Steen pray like you told me? He couldn't hate anyone like that simply because she'd been a play-actress."

"Didn't your mother ever tell you?" Jedidah asked. "Didn't she tell you 'bout sort of man he was?"

"She didn't like him. But I'd like to hear from you. She... well, she didn't like to speak of it. You were here when she was, weren't you?"

Jedidah rose and pulled a saucepan from a cupboard. She filled it from a bucket by the sink and brought it to the table. She said, "She took Reff's brother away from him, didn't she? Accordin' to Reff's lights, she took him from the land."

"But if she loved him...?"

"Love didn't count with Reff Steen. He told your pa to give her up and he wouldn't. Guess he was under a spell. They say them playhouse women can twist a man. Anyway, he shut up his house and left the land."

"You mean... my father had a house near here?"

Jedidah dropped the potatoes into the saucepan slowly, one by one, her eyes blank, her movements mechanical as the past crowded her mind. She made a vague gesture towards Hucksditch. "Over there... it's fallen to ruins now. You was born in it."

"Oh!"

"I remember night as if 'twas yesterday. Weather were wild and it was into this very room he come... Reff Steen... good-lookin' then, like your pa. I was... well, I was 'bout your age. He says, 'Devil's abroad with all his witchies.' He stands at stove there shakin' wet off him and tells me, 'Brat's born!'

"A boy?" I asks him. 'A girl,' he says, and then goes on, 'What would you spect a play-actin' wanton to bring forth but one to make more evil?'

"After a bit he tells me that old Ma Halsey, midwife in them days, wants a woman to help. Your mother was poorly, but you was screamin' your head off, fit as fiddle."

Jedidah moved to a small box clamped to the wall beside the stove, lifted the lid, and dipped her hand into the salt. She began to let salt run through her fingers on to the potatoes in the saucepan.

"Your mother was payin' for life she'd led, accordin' to Reff."

"And you went over?"

"Yes," Jedidah said. "I put on my cloak and went out into storm. When I beat my way near I could see two lights... one bright and fixed, one just a twinkle, and I reckoned, foolish like, one was for you, lusty and full o' young life, and one was for her who I thought was passin'."

She paused to take the saucepan to the stove.

"Ma Halsey asked me to wait," she went on. "Your pa was in with her, and, when midwife went to lie down for a spell, while rain kept up, I could hear them talkin' in the

Poison in the House

Continued from page 24

bedroom: I remember your pa sayin', 'It's a bonnie babe, Linda,' and she says, 'Never mine with the shadow o' Reff Steen darkenin' the house.'

"She cries a bit and he tries to cheer her. He says he's nailed up a new sign over the house. He's called it Linda-ale after her. He tells her he'll have no more o' Pelverson. He'll make Reff divide the property. They'll be away from Reff and live their own lives on their own property."

"But she says she doesn't belong. She's used to different things... changin' things. She says from every window she sees Pelverson. And then she's weepin' and hysterical, and carryin' on in a way no good to one who's just brought forth, and, in the end, your pa swears to her he'll sell out and take her back where she belongs, and make a new start in a new way."

"I hear him say, 'Reff's woman is comin' over to look after you', and your ma says..."

Jedidah hesitated and plunged on, "Your ma says, 'I won't have her here. I won't have anyone from that horrid house. Send her away.'"

"So where I warn't wanted I didn't stay, though for a minute I thought 'twould be nice to hold the baby. I go back through the rain and Reff's still standin' by stove and 'Why're you back?' he asks. 'Is the wanton dead?'

"I was mad at her keepin' me out, but madder at him. I was young then, and still had a bit o' spunk. I wasn't all dried up. I told un what I'd heard and he struck me across the face and told me God hated liars. But 'twas true. Your pa and her went and old un sold Linda-ale to old man Garvie. Seemed he couldn't get rid of it quick enough."

Her eyes shifted to the pantry door, and she stood very still, her mind alive with the unkind past. The girl broke the silence. "You hate him, don't you?"

THE woman turned very slowly, her eyes cold and baleful. "Hate's a soft word," she said and laughed bitterly. "He's picked un a spot for his buryin' so's he can lie 'longside Pelverson and keep an eye on place after he's gone. May words stifle the earth and crops rust and fences fall as his dead eye watches. That'll torment un."

"If you feel like that," the girl said thoughtfully, "no wonder she hated him. And she was frightened of him. Why? What had he done except try to hold her here? Why was she so scared of Pelverson?"

A picture of the queerly worn carpet upstairs flashed through her mind. "Jedidah... was it to do with the room I sleep in? Something that Holper knows?"

"Holper's daft," Jedidah said. "You won't tell me?"

"My tongue's too loose. Let the past be. There's no happiness ahead o' you here. All the poison in the house ain't in that jar. It's seeped into the floorboards and rafters and drenched every room. You can't get away from it. If I had your years, Vashiti Steen, I'd take to my heels."

"Why don't you take to your heels, Jedidah?"

"Why?" Jedidah said. "Because I got nothin'... nothin' at all but what I got on and the rags in the wash. Might as well ask some of goldfish in bowl."

The men worked in the fields till dusk, when Reff Steen came home and clumped up the stairs and into his room to remove the heavy boots and perspiring socks, and put slippers on his bare feet.

The door opposite was off the latch and he pushed it further ajar, and stood in the entrance calling, "Vashiti," and spying her, "You got nothin' to do but moon out o' window?"

She said, "You startled me. I didn't hear you knock."

"I didn't," he said, unabashed. He nodded towards the distant hill. "Can't see nothin' in this light."

"Oh, but it's beautiful," she said, "just before dark. I always love this time even in the cities... watching the first lights come on."

"Forget the city," he said in a hard voice.

"Oh," she said, "it's difficult all at once." She had crossed the room and stood at the door with him. "Don't you ever go anywhere?"

"Once a fortnight to Kinalcuddy Junction for stores. And then there's church at Dandaloo on Sabbath. Your days will be full."

She'd have been appalled at the dismal prospect but Spellman was coming and it wasn't important. All she was anxious to learn was when Steen would be absent from the farm long enough for her to slip away and meet Steve Garvie and suddenly he was gladdening her heart.

"I'll be off to Dandaloo to-morrow afternoon to see Mr. Bates. Then, next day, I'll get train to Kinalcuddy to talk to lawyer." He added with heavy humor, "Now harvest's in I'm getting to be real gadder."

"Oh," she said, a little breathless, thinking... the day after to-morrow... the day after to-morrow, in less than two days I'll see him. "Yes, I remember," she went on hoping he hadn't noticed. "Mr. Bates was the young man you spoke to outside the station."

"One you didn't pay much attention to... aye... aye... I remember. That was a good laugh." She didn't understand and must have looked blank for he said: "Never mind... but 'tis old man Bates and his missus I got to see first. Got to have everything right and proper."

He was staring past her into the room. "You... you feel all right here, Vashiti?" he asked.

For an instant she was tempted to tell him of her experiences of the night, but his eyes had fallen to the carpet and she knew he was following the queer circular track worn in the pattern.

Abruptly he said, "Supper's about due," and, leaving her without another word, went downstairs.

Mr. William Bates had been perturbed when told by his son of Reff Steen's coming visit, and when the old man rode into his yard went out to meet him with some anxiety. This Steen quickly dissipated by slapping him on the shoulder with a show of friendliness.

"Hope you didn't think I was worried 'bout mortgage, Will," he said heartily. "You and me's got more important matters to talk than mortgage. We'll go into parlor."

Bates couldn't imagine anything more pressing than the renewal of the deed falling due but the old man had invited himself into the parlor and you didn't go into the parlor on a weekday except for a very excellent reason.

At the back door Steen called briskly, "Mornin', Mrs. Bates."

Mrs. Bates, mild-eyed and buxom, wiped floury hands on her apron. "Why, Mr. Steen," she said, "this is a surprise. It wasn't of course, for she knew as well as her husband that the renewal of the mortgage had to be discussed."

Bates said, "Mr. Steen wants to talk to us... in the parlor."

She raised her eyebrows and glanced furtively at her husband.

"Put kettle on," Steen said, "and we'll have cup o' tea to celebrate."

Please turn to page 32

My frocks don't show that

I use

MUM

(TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION)



Mum contains NO harsh ingredients that rot or discolor even the finest of fabrics. Mum is a safe, sure protection from underarm odor, easy to apply, even after you're dressed. Snow-white Mum is non-irritating, gentle, and harmless to the skin. It's economical, too, and doesn't dry out in the jar.

Mum keeps you fresh and sweet all day long, and all evening, too. Mum is the safest and surest deodorant.

AVAILABLE FROM CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

M/22

Joe Potter on his wedding morn

Felt more than normally forlorn



For though he doted on his Jane, A simply awful stomach-pain At times of stress, to his despair, Would rob him of his amour faire.

But Joe's best man knew what to do, "Dear Joe," he said, "I'll see you through."

For nervous indigestion, had, A pleasant treatment may be had— A five-fold certified antacid For keeping tum-tums always placid. Just suck two Rennie's, one by one, And stop the pain from coming on— And as they're wrapped, they're just the thing

For waistcoat-pockets, with the ring! And since the day Joe married Jane He's never known a stomach-pain.

End stomach upsets with two Digestif Rennie's, sucked slowly, one after the other. Rennie's five-fold formula, quickly but gently, neutralizes excess acid—relieves normal indigestion. If Rennie's fail to give you speedy relief, you should see your doctor. From any chemist—carefully wrapped, convenient to carry. 1/- a packet is four times the quantity for 3/6.

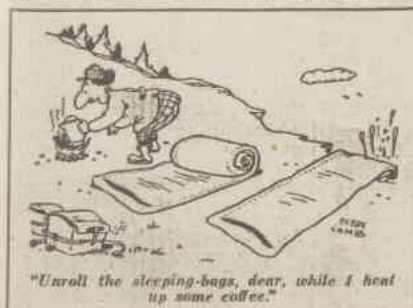
DIGESTIF

RENNIES

relieve the pain of indigestion



DE 7.10



"Unroll the sleeping-bags, dear, while I heat up some coffee."

Discovery of virus points way to cancer cure

Triumph for doctor and wife now visiting Australia

By FRED YOUNG,
of our Adelaide staff

The brightest signpost pointing the way to a cure for cancer which the world has yet seen is the discovery by British Dr. William Ewart Gye that this scourge of mankind is caused by a virus . . . a sub-microscopic organism so small that millions can live in one body cell.

Dr. Gye's discovery has all the elements of a thrilling drama . . . man versus an invisible and hitherto invincible enemy, with the dice now loaded in man's favor.

DR. GYE has arrived in Australia with his equally famous wife, Dr. Ida Mann, who assisted him in much of his research. For Dr. Gye it is a health trip as he is suffering from the strain of years of overwork.

For the past three or four years Dr. Mann, who is the first woman to be senior surgeon at Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital, London, has spent about half her time working with her husband at the Imperial Cancer Research Fund laboratory at Mill Hill, London. Dr. Gye was Director of the Fund from 1936 until recently.

In addition to general cancer research, Dr. Mann has done research in eye cancer, trying to discover among other things why some of the eye tissues are immune from cancer and others are not. She is famed also for her research on ophthalmic embryology.

Millions of experiments performed year in, year out, by countless scientists throughout the world preceded Dr. Gye's virus discovery, behind which lies a story of patient, painstaking endeavor.

Always Dr. Gye has believed that one day the origin of this baffling disease would be found to be a virus.

Having worked out, tested, and abandoned innumerable theories, Dr. Gye decided early this year to try to isolate a virus from a cancer cell by the use of extreme cold.

He did so, and his theory was proved.

"The importance of my husband's discovery," Dr. Mann says, "is in the fact that, as cancer is a virus disease, we now see where to look for a cure, because recently American scientists discovered a group of substances—antibiotics—which are known to destroy certain viruses.

"One example is aureomycin, which destroys the virus of scrub typhus.

"If these substances could be more fully investigated and the researchers could link up with the cancer workers, something which would kill the cancer virus should be found.

"The virus discovery, therefore, is the first step towards finding a logical cure," she adds.

Fundamental cause

A REASSURING point stressed by Dr. Mann is that, although the fundamental cause of cancer is a virus, this does not mean that it is infectious. Many secondary causes and conditions are necessary before it can develop, she says. Irritants, chemical and otherwise, come into this category of activators.

Dr. Mann explains that the essential proof of the virus nature of cancer lay in transmitting the complaint without grafting living cancer cells on to normal tissue . . . one of the most general procedures in cancer experiments.

"Some years ago in America," she says, "Professor Payton Rous, of the Rockefeller Institute, managed to transmit sarcoma to birds without

grafting cells and proved that the condition was due to a virus. But neither he nor others could do the same thing with mammalian tumors.

"It had not then been discovered that the mammalian form of the virus had to be handled at temperatures well under freezing point.

"The virus, once it is separated from the cell, dies as soon as it gets warm," she says.

"Dr. Gye used cold to kill the cells, and dried them at a low temperature in a vacuum, and in this way kept the virus in a dormant and infective state. When normal tissue was infected with it, the reaction was as we hoped it would be, and Dr. Gye's theory was proved," his wife said.

During the early part of his visit to Australia she acted as his spokesman to spare him exertion.

"The work of isolating the virus is done at minus 70 degrees Centigrade," Dr. Mann explains, "the temperature of solid carbon dioxide, which was used in the experiments.

"It was at first very difficult to handle, but all those difficulties were overcome and the process is now relatively easy."

She adds that penicillin has been tried on the cancer virus, but penicillin does not kill it, for it acts only on bacteria not on viruses.

British medical journals with detailed accounts of Dr. Gye's discovery have now arrived in Australia.

It is doubtful whether any human complaint has had as much limelight and attention focused on it as cancer, both in the medical profession and out of it.

The Imperial Cancer Research Fund was established in 1902 by the Royal College of Surgeons of England and is conducted under the auspices of this institution and of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

When the research centre was in-



DR. WILLIAM EWART GYE, who discovered that cancer is caused by a virus, with his wife, Dr. Ida Mann, who is senior surgeon at Moorfields Ophthalmic Hospital, in England. Dr. Mann co-operated with her husband in his research.

stituted at Mill Hill, it was stipulated that it was to be entirely independent of hospital and medical schools, with its own laboratory and permanent staff of scientific investigators (who now number from 12 to 15), who are engaged solely in research connected with the cause, prevention, and cure of cancer.

It is maintained by contributions and legacies.

My outstanding impression of

good-looking Dr. Mann was . . . how efficiently she would grace, in a film, the role she plays in real life.

She is a vital person, with trim short-cut greying hair and brown eyes, dresses well, is feminine, businesslike, has brisk manner and speech, a pleasant smile, a good laugh, and a pair of expressive hands that seem to suggest that they have done some pretty good work for humanity.

She graduated at London University, has gained a score or more of academic distinctions, including her appointment as first woman professor at Oxford University, which she filled from 1941 to 1947.

As well she has written a couple of scientific and popular books on the eye, including "The Science of Seeing," a Pelican (Penguin) book which she wrote with an assistant at the laboratory, Mrs. Antoinette Pirie.

And she has contributed many papers to medical journals.

Her achievements, in fact, occupy several inches of London "Who's Who."

But what didn't get into this illustrious volume was the fact that she can also cook, make frocks for herself, and, when necessary, put through a bit of housework.

Travel is her relaxation.

Her war record is staggering. She worked for the Ministry of Supply, on poison gases, and has just published the results of that work.

She helped, too, in the clinical work on penicillin.

And three nights a week, right through the war, she and Dr. Gye took their share of firewatching.

The virus discovery was the greatest thrill of the joint work of husband and wife.

"You can imagine it," Dr. Mann said. "Dr. Gye had made his discovery and we had been making the final check-up.

"Then we completed successfully the final proof. I can tell you there WAS jubilation.

"We celebrated at home, had some Australian wine for dinner, and were very, very pleased."

Cupid on job among Australians in Russia

Romance is flourishing at the Australian Embassy in Moscow, where there have been two weddings on the staff within a month.

IN September, the third secretary of the Embassy, Fred Truelove, who comes from Illabo, New South Wales, married Joan Turton, of Sydney, secretary to the Ambassador, Mr. Alan Watt.

The other wedding was in August, when Bert North, consular clerk at the Embassy, married Kate Healy, a member of the New Zealand Legation staff in Moscow.

Joan Turton and Fred Truelove had met in Australia when they were both working in Canberra. They renewed acquaintance in Moscow when Joan went there last January as Mr. Watt's secretary.

Joan is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Turton, of Dover Heights, Sydney. They had known for some time that the romance was brewing, but were surprised when the date of the wedding reached them on a cable on August 30. "Please give blessing wedding Fred, September 14. Love Joan."

When Joan and Fred were being married in Moscow at the British Embassy, the bride's parents were drinking their health in champagne at their charming Sydney home with a few close friends and relatives.

The British Ambassador, Sir David Kelly, officiated at the ceremony.

Joan, who was educated at Kambada School, Sydney, has always had an urge to travel and has not lived at home for the past nine years.

She worked at Canberra, and during the war served in the W.A.A.F. as a wireless operator when she was stationed at Deniliquin, N.S.W., and Townsville, Queensland.

"Joan was quite determined to go places, and last August she sailed in the *Orontes* to work at the U.N.O. Conference in Paris," her mother said. "It was there she met Mr. Watt, and when he asked her if she would go to Moscow as his secretary she leapt at the chance.

"Now she and Fred are spending their honeymoon in Italy, so she is still travelling. Next year her father and I are going to England, and she plans to meet us there.

"I have been sending Joan quite a lot of things, especially materials for her to make her own frocks.

"I send her shoes, too, as she says they would cost £14 a pair to buy in Moscow."

Fred Truelove was born at Junee, and is a son of the late Mr. Harry Truelove and Mrs. Truelove. He went to school at Illabo and Wagga,



BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Truelove, photographed in the Moscow snow with Mr. Ballard (centre), also of the Embassy staff.

and graduated as a Bachelor of Economics from Sydney University in 1941. He was a diplomatic cadet in the Department of External Affairs in 1945 after serving in the R.A.A.F. as an observer.

Bert North, the other bridegroom at the Embassy there, is also an ex-serviceman. He was a wireless telegraphist in the R.A.N. from 1939 to 1943, and served in India, Africa, and England.

POLICE CLUB BOYS MAKE LIVELY MUSIC



STAND-IN. Cliff Francis acts as temporary conductor, showing he has true conductor's temperament. Usually Cliff plays concert flute.



SERGEANT Mortimer McCarthy puts orchestra through its paces. First violinist Frank Rodi leads the rest in the playing of "Buttons and Bows," the boys' favorite piece. Boys in band are allowed to take instruments home for practice, some show great promise. Band was formed about fifteen months ago and has achieved great local fame.



CLARINET players Clayton Turner, Trevor Rippingale, Freddie Platt, and Peter Price look solemn as they play, but in between items often cut loose with a jam session in best modern jazz style.

THE band of Number Nine Division Police - Citizens Boys' Club, Burwood, N.S.W., is full of enthusiastic youngsters, aged from nine to 15. The boys have broadcast several times, and are competing in the current Sydney Eisteddfod.

For public performances, they have no uniforms, but all wear dark bow ties with their white shirts. At Club rehearsals the atmosphere is less formal. Sgt. M. McCarthy, conductor, often sees boys playing their violins while chewing licorice straps or all-day suckers from the canteen. Most boys are keen, go for Conservatorium examinations, never miss a band practice.



CONCENTRATION shows on violinist Brian O'Connor's face as he approaches a difficult part of Chopin's "Fantasie Impromptu."



FENCING with bows, Michael Rochford and John McCarthy (son of Sgt. McCarthy) skylark during rehearsal. Boys under nine look forward to time when they will be eligible to join the band.

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just 14 days!" says Miss
Howell, one of the many
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Quick-Eze are prepared and
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Keep a packet of Quick-
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or two of these rapid-
acting antacid tablets can
save you hours of
suffering. You can buy
them anywhere.



QUICK-EZE 6^{PER}
for INDIGESTION PKT.

Poison in the House

Continued from page 29

WONDERINGLY, Mrs. Bates said, "Why, of course. Take Mr. Steen into the parlor, William." She added, "I'm sorry Charlie's not here to see you. He's always talking about Pelvemon. He thinks you're the best farmer in the district, Mr. Steen."

Steen said, "I saw Charlie as I rode down street. He'll be 'long. He was talking to the Kaye girl."

Mrs. Bates said, "I think she's a little sweet on him."

"He'll have other ideas," Steen said curtly.

She had filled the kettle and was stoking the fire. "Why Mr. Steen, what do you mean?"

"You'll learn, missus." He turned to Bates and gave him a gentle shove. "Into parlor, William."

Mrs. Bates followed presently.

"Sit down, missus, and make self comfortable," Steen invited, and when she and her husband were side by side on the horse-hair sofa he stood at the head of the table in the centre of the room. He rested one hand on the family album and moved the framed photograph of Mrs. Bates' deceased mother aside to make room for the other.

"You know me, William. You know me, missus. I'm not one to mess about. I believe in coming straight to point. Daresay you've heard gossip. My niece has come to live at Pelvemon."

"Why, yes, we heard, Mr. Steen. Mr. Garvie . . ."

"Aye . . . guess he'd let his tongue loose," Steen said. "He was fair took with her, and no wonder. She's been governess in city but now land's called her back. She's a grand lass, sound in wind and limb, broad of hip and with a bosom for bairns, and as comely a wench as I've ever yet set eyes on. She'll make a grand wife and mother."

"I heard she was very pretty," Mrs. Bates said.

"Pretty's not the word," Steen told her. "Pete Gorrik's got a lustful eye for women. He was fair flabbergasted. If he was half a Steen and half a man I wouldn't look no further for mate for Vashit."

"It's a lovely name," Mrs. Bates said.

"But," Steen went on, "there's Pelvemon to consider and more than Pelvemon. I've took over Hucksditch."

"What!" Bates ejaculated. "Garvie's place?"

"He let it go to pot," Steen said, "and bank could see what would happen. I've bought it over his head, lock, stock, and barrel."

"Why," Bates said, "you'll have a marvellous property, Mr. Steen. Pelvemon and Hucksditch!"

"Marvellous property is right," the old man agreed, "and I got to have marvellous man to run 'em . . . to help me run 'em and carry on when I'm gone. I can't live forever."

"Oh, Mr. Steen," Mrs. Bates said, "you're strong as an ox. You've got many years ahead of you."

"Maybe yes, maybe no," Steen said. "Let's come to business. I got Pelvemon and Hucksditch and I got Vashit. You've got young Charlie."

"Charlie!" Bates was astonished.

"You mean that . . ."

"I mean we got to mate 'em."

"But . . . Mrs. Bates was a little flustered. "Your niece doesn't know Charlie."

"Soon will."

"She mightn't like him . . . I mean . . ."

"There's naught wrong with Charlie," Steen said. "Fine vigorous young strapper; and Vashit's a good lass. She'll do as she's bid. Same as Charlie will." He cocked an ear. "Kettle should be on boil. I could do with cup o' tea."

"Why, of course," Mrs. Bates said in a flutter. "I'll get it at once."

Straining her ears from the kitchen she heard Steen telling her husband: "I don't believe in no foolin' round, William. Charlie and my Vashit will marry, and marry quick. He don't want to go gettin' himself involved with no Nora Kayes. To-morrow I'm goin' into Kinalcuddy to see lawyer about will. Vashit will get Pelvemon and Hucksditch. You can see what that means to Charlie."

"Why, yes, Mr. Steen, of course. You must think a great deal of him."

"I've watched him grow up. He's a good worker. He loves the land."

"Yes . . . he's often dreamed of working a place like Hucksditch."

"Well," Steen said, "his dream's come true. Let's see," he went on as Mrs. Bates brought in a teapot and three cups and a plate of newly baked scones on a tray, "this is Friday. We'll give this old town tip-top surprise. We'll have banns called Sunday."

"I'm really bewildered," Mrs. Bates said, pouring the teapot. "I never dreamed."

"Guess Charlie never did either," Steen said, the low, easy chair in which he'd settled himself creaking under his weight. "With the Lord's help, missus, him and Vashit will have nice little Christmas box for us come Christmas."

He drank from the cup she handed him and reached for a scone. "I'll have spare room fixed up for you to come-out and stay a bit when baby's born."

MRS. BATES said uneasily, "Mr. Steen, I know this will be a wonderful opportunity for Charlie, but I'm just wondering . . ."

"He's got no entanglements? Ain't got no girl in trouble?" he asked quickly.

"No, of course not," she said, coloring. "But . . . I don't know how to say it . . . it's your household . . . Holper . . ."

Steen had finished his scone and reached for another.

"You got no cause for worry there, missus," he said. "Mum's the word till I'm ready, but I'm makin' clean sweep. Holper's wits is wanderin' worse than ever. I'm bit scared for Vashit. There's no knowin' what he might do. I'm havin' Ben Lake put him away nice and quiet."

"Poor fellow."

"He'll be took care of."

"And Jedidah? She won't like a new mistress after all these years."

He nodded his head understandingly.

"Old thing's worn out," he said. "She'd be had influence on young wife. And she'll be frettin' after the daffie, I shouldn't wonder. She'll want to be near him." He stood up, knocking the anti-macassar from his chair and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand as Charlie Bates appeared at the door.

"Here's the happy bridegroom now," he said. "You can tell him all 'bout it, William. I got to get back to farm." He went over and took the boy's hand, pumped it, and patted his shoulder.

"You're lucky chap," he said. "See you got your hair slicked proper and get yourself up good on Sunday." Mr. and Mrs. Bates rose from the sofa to see him out but he said, "No, no, you stay and tell Charlie what's settled."

He called from the kitchen, "I'll fix up renewal o' mortgage when I'm in Kinalcuddy to-morrow, William."

To be continued

Interesting People



MRS. C. O. FAIRBAIRN

. . . Guiding and daffodils

HOLDING the Silver Fish, the highest award in Guiding, Mrs. C. O. Fairbairn, of Victoria, is first Chief Commissioner of Girl Guides in Australia. She began Guiding in England, came to Australia after marriage, and joined Skipton group, later becoming Division Commissioner for Ballarat and Beaufort. Has held office on Victorian State Executive Committee, and that of Federal Secretary and Federal Commissioner, and attended Guide conferences in Sweden and U.S.A. With husband is well-known amateur grower of pink and colored daffodils.



MR. JIMMY SOMERVILLE

. . . not formula-bound

NEW pianist leader of Sydney's team of six jazz enthusiasts who form the Port Jackson Jazz Band is 26-year-old Jimmy Somerville, whose age is the band's average. As a pianist he is mainly self-taught. He believes in "improvisation in accordance with definite traditions, style, and not being bound to musical formula." Former Benny Goodman pianist Jess Stacy is his ideal. The band recently gave Canberra its first jazz concert.



DR. LILLIAN MOLLER GILBRETH

. . . woman of year

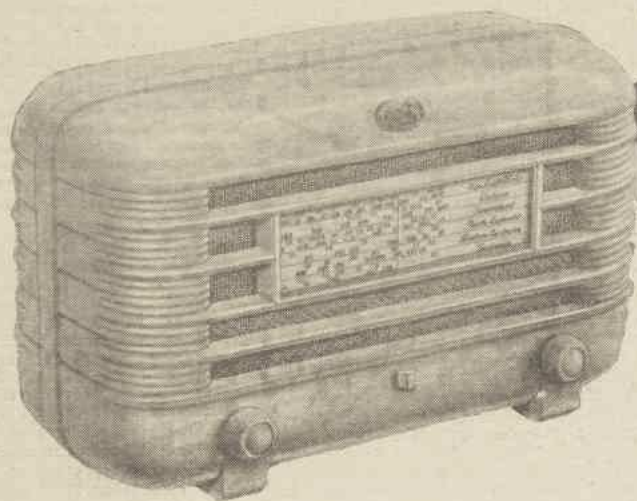
ACTIVE management engineer, mother of 12, and the grandmother of 18, Dr. Lillian Moller Gilbreth, aged 70, was named by the American Women's Association in a national polling of 50 groups, "Woman of the Year." She specialises in the relationships between workers and machines, applying time and energy saving techniques. She is president of Gilbreth Inc., consulting management engineers, and is credited with her late husband in pioneering scientific management and launching the science of "motion study."

Unprecedented

demand sold out

initial stocks!

The 25 Winners in the 'H.M.V.' Little Nipper Competition will be announced in the Australian Women's Weekly on October 8, 1949.

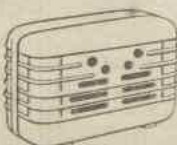


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In design the Little Nipper is far in ad-

vance of every other set of this type. His tone is clearer, stronger. But that is something you must hear for yourself.



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Even in this advertisement you can see for yourself how beautiful it is. Simple — yes. But so beautifully simple and so reliable in operation. So beautifully inexpensive, too. Only £17.17.0 (10/6 extra in W.A.). And when you see it — and compare it — you'll know that Little Nipper really IS value.

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Cream, Walnut, Green,
Burgundy and Blue.

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ANACIN

For SAFE and QUICK relief

ARTHUR was a little put out by Mr. Cerveza's attitude. "Pardon me, Mr. Cerveza," he said, "but whose idea was this? Why have you got to muscle in? Can't you think up something of your own?"

"It's a free country," Mr. Cerveza snapped. "You didn't do no more than I did. The wife and I went to his last picture a few nights ago, right before last, and ever since then I've been wishing with all my might—Ohi, what have we here?"

They were turning the corner to approach the front of the City Hall. Several hundred people were crowded on the broad steps of the building.

"Maybe this will keep you away from your cab too long," Arthur said hopefully.

"Ha!" Mr. Cerveza said. "Brother, if this works out I'll never have to drive that wreck again. Here we go!"

The congestion on the City Hall steps was heavier near the doors. Arthur and Mr. Cerveza, however, plunged right in. Mr. Cerveza, as might be expected of a cabdriver, made a direct move, sounding—in a manner of speaking—his horn, and using his elbows and his weight.

Arthur's idea was to follow in the wake thus created, until it occurred to him that if he followed this policy he could not help but lose the race that he and Mr. Cerveza seemed to be engaged in.

Inside, the crush was worse than ever, and for several minutes Arthur was held tightly in its grasp, one shoulder pinned against the wall. A quarter of an inch at a time he managed to get out of this, and then unexpectedly the crowd came to an end and he found himself free.

Just in front of him, however, were two policemen, their backs to him. Beyond them a single line of men extended down the hall and around a corner. Standing on tiptoe, Arthur looked back and saw Mr. Cerveza struggling forward. There was no time to lose, so Arthur slipped past the nearest policeman and hurried down the hall, hoping to find the

The Great Confession

Continued from page 7

district attorney's office in that direction.

"Hey!" the officers called.

But Arthur was on his way. He was surprised, upon rounding the corner, to see that the line went into the office of the district attorney. He entered. Just inside the door was a desk in front of which the line ended.

At the desk sat a girl who looked harried. When Arthur stopped in front of her, she looked up in a tired way.

"I wish to give myself up," Arthur said loudly and formally, "as the murderer the district attorney is looking for."

The girl brushed a wisp of hair from her forehead. "You'll have to take your place in line," she said.

Softly, indulgently, Arthur laughed. "Perhaps you didn't understand what I just said. I wish to confess to the murder."

"In line!" the man at the head of the procession said roughly. Arthur looked at him. It was Joe.

"Oh, hello, Joe," he said. "How's tricks?"

"None of your lip," Joe said, with something like a sneer. "Get in line!"

"Joe!" Arthur said. He felt hurt. "Throw him out!" said the man behind Joe, and Arthur noticed that it was the man who had sat near him at the bar last night. At this point one of the policemen who had yelled at Arthur appeared on the scene. Oddly enough, the policeman looked exactly like the doorman at the picture theatre.

"Why don't you go back and take your turn, like a gentleman?" the policeman asked.

"But," Arthur said desperately, "I'm the murderer."

"You'll have to prove that," the policeman said in a tough voice.

"Here, here," Joe interrupted impatiently. "Let's get on with it. Take the guy's name, and let him go on. What is one more or one less?"

Arthur smiled. "Thanks, old man."

"Okay," the girl said, looking at Arthur.

"Arthur Edgeworth," Arthur said distinctly. The girl wrote down his name, repeating it aloud, and added, "Number nine, hundred and seventy-one. You'll wait in the next room, or the corridor beyond it. The D.A. will be in shortly. He attended the opera last night and naturally is a bit weary this morning. Next, please."

Arthur moved away from the desk. He noticed several men grouped at the end of the room near what plainly was the door to the D.A.'s private office. Turning to a girl who was operating a typewriter, he asked, "Couldn't I wait with those gentlemen?"

She shook her lovely head. "That's the Press. The newspapermen. You go through that other door there and don't be fresh."

The girl, Arthur noticed with something of a start, worked at night ushering at the Luxury Theatre. He went to the door indicated and looked into a very large room jammed with men and blue tobacco smoke. He turned, and glanced toward the members of the Press, so advantageously located.

QUICK as a wink Arthur reached into his inside coat pocket and brought out a notebook in which it had been his custom to keep track of the shoe sizes worn by his favorite customers. Nipping a pencil from his breast pocket, he casually joined the Press.

Suddenly there was cheering in the outer corridor, and a great babble of voices, and the girl at the typewriter looked up and called out, "Gentlemen, the D.A."

"The D.A.!" everybody cried.

The newspapermen moved back from the door as two men, the D.A. and somebody else, barged in. The D.A., a short, handsome man with a small moustache, rather popping dark eyes and well-preserved teeth, bowed to one side and the other, even when there was nobody there.

As he and his companion entered

the private office, the newspapermen—including, of course, Arthur—moved in behind him. They formed a semi-circle, at a respectful distance, from his large desk. But the D.A. and the other man did not stop at the desk; they went to a far corner of the office and engaged in earnest conversation.

Finally the D.A. turned and walked with dignity to his desk, his companion bringing up the rear, and sat down on a telephone directory. "Gentlemen," the D.A. said slowly but with perfect enunciation, "you will be glad to learn that the murderer has been apprehended."

There was some modest handclapping.

"What was the total number?" a cynical police reporter asked.

The D.A. frowned. "There have been several impostors noted," he said. "However, none of them are able to substantiate their claims." He cleared his throat professionally. "The job was a solo, as we call it, done by one man, and one man only." He paused, and lifted his chin.

"Gentlemen, I am the murderer," he said with quiet restraint.

"Hot news," one of the newspapermen murmured, making a careless note of it on a match cover.

"May we quote you?" another asked, yawning a little.

"You may." The D.A. smiled ingratiatingly. "And now," he said "I will dictate my full confession to my secretary." He clapped his hands twice. "Ida!"

Ida entered with her notebook. Arthur thought there was something strange about this, but he couldn't put his finger on it. One of the newspapermen asked, "Sir, how did you eliminate this joker, may I inquire?"

"I used a certain new and undetectable—"

"Stop!" cried Arthur.

They all looked at him. He stepped forward, and wagged a finger under the D.A.'s nose. "Where," he demanded, "did you spend last evening? What were you doing?"

Please turn to page 36

3½ lb. TOOTH FOUND!

Do you know?

A FISHING BOAT OFF NEW JERSEY (U.S.A.) RECENTLY RAISED FROM THE OCEAN BED A TOOTH 6½ INCHES LONG—WEIGHING 3½ POUNDS. IT BELONGED TO A MASTADON WHICH TRAMPED AMERICA 250,000 YEARS AGO!

A Question of TASTE!

PHENYLTHIOCARBIMIDE PAPER IS TASTELESS TO SOME PEOPLE—BUT BITTER-SWEET OR SALTY TO OTHERS. THE FLAVOUR OF KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM IS SOMETHING EVERYONE ENJOYS—THAT PLEASANT KOLYNOS FLAVOUR SWEETENS YOUR BREATH—REFRESHES YOUR MOUTH

Australian DENTAL SURVEY ON WHEELS!

IN QUEENSLAND, THREE SPECIAL DENTAL TRAINS TRAVEL YEARLY TO THE OUTBACK TREATING 30,000 CHILDREN AND ADULTS. FOR FULL DAILY CARE OF YOUR TEETH—USE ACTIVE KOLYNOS—ANTISEPTIC KOLYNOS—BUBBLES CHECK DENTAL DECAY GERMS—WHITEN TEETH.

YES! KOLYNOS SAVES YOU MONEY BECAUSE IT'S CONCENTRATED. THAT'S WHY IT GOES TWICE AS FAR AS ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. USE IT AFTER EVERY MEAL.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

CARAVAN BALLET'S TOUR



CHILDREN in country town watch enthralled when caravan is unloaded. For most of them this is their first glimpse of ballet.

TO take the ballet to country towns, and to give its young dancers stage experience, Linley Wilson's Australian Caravan Ballet has just completed a 1000-mile tour of Western Australia.

Comprising six dancers, a wardrobe mistress, a pianist, an electrician, the ballet is under the direction of the Adult Education Board. Linley Wilson's husband, Mr. Keith George, is manager.

A caravan and three cars carry the cast and all costumes and equipment except a piano.



BUSH REHEARSAL for ballet mistress Patricia Ellershaw and solo dancer of Australian Caravan Ballet Pat Dyer while Anne Finch watches. Ballet was on 1000-mile tour in Western Australia.



CARAVAN is used as a dressing-room. Judy Schonell and Mary Crawshaw dress for show with help of wardrobe mistress Ruth Gribble. Girls have been studying ballet for nearly three years.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 1, 1949

Inside and Out.



**HOMES
THROUGHOUT
AUSTRALIA
ARE FITTED
WITH**

"Aberdeen" BLINDS



ALL-METAL VENETIANS
(pat.)

There's one choice you need only make once in a lifetime. When you choose "Aberdeen" All-Metal Venetians for your home you acquire a permanent setting for room beauty.

With simple care they will remain bright and beautiful for the life of your home. Once in a lifetime you have this glorious opportunity to select beautiful venetians that will harmonise perfectly with your individual taste, and any style of interior decoration.

"Aberdeen" All-Metal Venetians give you complete privacy when you want it... and light, too, even when "Aberdeen" slats are completely closed... softly tinted, daylight... filtered through metal slats preserving the decor of your home exactly as you want it.

"Aberdeen" All-Metal Venetians are sensationally modern, their gracefully curved slats with the rain-smooth finish and protective baked-on plastic coating give you the kind of smartness that you can live with through the years.

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Live or dine on your verandah... create in your home the spaciousness and comfort that make for easy living. Protection from sun, heat, cold, and rain—unchanging beauty throughout the changing seasons. Made from guaranteed fadeless waterproof duck, in a range of exclusive "Aberdeen" designs, they're obtainable in straight-drop or throw-out styles. **DELIVERY 7 DAYS.**

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FORD PILLS



Jack Sprat
spread when he sat.
He puffed and he huffed
all the way;
But he's found a new life
Since his wise little wife
Gives him Ford Pills
every day.

FORD PILLS



There was an old man
of Tobaygo
Could eat only
rice, gruel and sago,
Till, much to his bliss,
His doctor said this:
"Take Ford Pills and all
foods you may go."

FORD PILLS



Hey diddle diddle,
Fit as a fiddle,
I feel I could jump
o'er the moon;
Aches and pains banished,
My tiredness vanished,
Ford Pills have proved
such a boon.

FORD PILLS



See Saw, Margery Daw,
Pimples are not a disaster;
Take Ford Pills
for a day or so;
They'll clean up your
skin much faster.

Ford Pills are the gentle,
tasteless, painless laxative for
all your family. In plastic
tubes, 2/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

At this, the D.A. paled a trifle. "I don't know," he said falteringly. "I... don't remember."

Arthur turned to the others. "He doesn't remember! Well, I'll tell you. He spent the evening at the opera! Gentlemen, this individual is innocent! I'm the real murderer, and I can prove it! Ida, you tell them. Please!"

"Hold it," the D.A. said. He pointed a trembling finger straight at Arthur's knees. "What are you doing in my office without your pants?" he thundered.

Arthur looked down, and horror swept him. "Ida," he said, "what did you do with my—"

It was too late! Two trained policemen who had been waiting in the wings for just such an emergency quickly stepped forward and grabbed Arthur. Arthur cried out, "I did it! Leave me free!"

Frankly he looked around. He saw nobody he knew except Mr. Cerveza, who was dressed in a scarlet-and-gold uniform and was carrying a beautiful chromium-plated spear trimmed with eagle's feathers. He was grinning. He drew back the spear.

"Save me!" Arthur cried. Mr. Cerveza thrust the spear viciously, at the same time giving voice to a fine, pear-shaped oath.

The spear pierced the shoulder of poor Arthur, and he grabbed it, and tried to tear it from his flesh. "Leave me alone!" he cried. "I can prove I am guilty! Ida!"

"Arthur!" Arthur sat bolt upright in bed. He could see nothing at first, but then he saw Ida standing there, rubbing her right hand with her left.

"Arthur," she said, "what on earth kind of nightmare are you having, dear? You start shouting and I try to wake you up and you bite my hand. What is it, pet?"

Arthur moved a hand across his forehead, which was very wet. He looked at Ida for a moment, sleepily, then with a sudden movement flung himself back on the pillow and closed his eyes.

"Just a minute," he said grimly. "I have a few more things to say to the D.A." Then he opened his eyes wide and looked at her. "Ida! Why did you tell them? Why—"

He sat up again. "I guess I was dreaming, dear."

"I guess so!" Ida turned toward the door. "I'll start the coffee," she called over her shoulder.

Arthur sat on the edge of the bed for a moment or two, then shook his head sharply, tossing sleep aside, and got up. He stretched and went to the bathroom for his shower.

When he came out he noticed that Ida as usual had turned up the radio in the dining-room, so she could hear it in the kitchen.

Leisurely, he dressed, and had sat down and was reaching for his shoes when the morning news broadcast began.

... Therefore this colossal actor, idol of millions, now lies in what appears a state of coma at the hospital, the doctors unable to agree on an explanation, but declaring that his life hangs by the most slender of threads... Turning to Europe, we find the Balkan situation...

The effect of these words on Arthur, coming through the voice of the announcer, was considerable. When he recovered he went quickly to the dining-room.

Ida stood near the table, facing him.

The Great Confession

Continued from page 34

"The last part," Arthur said. "My goodness, what an incredible coincidence, Ida."

"It was during the night," Ida said. "They found him this morning lying unconscious on the floor of his hotel room."

"Yes, I know. That's approximately the way it was in my dream."

"Your dream?"

"The one I just finished. It's rather a long story. I'll tell you about it sometime. After our conversation last night I was thinking about it, that African thing, and wondering if it would really work. I fell asleep. I had this dream. And now comes the astonishing part, the really astonishing part. In this dream the guy died! It seems—"

"Arthur!" Arthur looked at her a moment, at her wide-open eyes. "It's really an almost impossible coincidence."

"Coincidence!" Ida began wringing her hands. "You're killing him! Right this very minute! You—you—"

"Don't be silly!" Arthur snapped. "I'm not!" Ida cried.

"What do you want me to do?" Arthur shouted.

"Concentrate!" Ida shouted back. "Dear," she continued, in fiercely controlled calmness, "you put your mind on his death. Then you went into the dream where it came true. You don't realise that you may have set tremendous cosmic forces in—"

RIVETS



action. But you can stop the whole thing, right now, if you'll do as I say. Otherwise it's going to go on until—the end."

"Ida, if this was anybody but you—"

Arthur stopped.

"... As prophesied by me yesterday, the district attorney has just announced that very soon, possibly within the hour, he will release his eagerly awaited decision in respect to the campaign for Governor..."

Arthur seemed to sway a little. And into his eyes, which had taken on an expression of a sleepwalker, came another expression, very like horror. He was looking at the toaster, at the thin wisp of smoke emerging from it.

"The toast is burning," he said in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper.

He walked to the window in a manner that made him feel he was about to sit down on the floor.

"Arthur," Ida said, in a tired voice, "you haven't got your shoes on."

Arthur did not even look down. He wiggled his toes a little, then turned vaguely around.

"Where are you going?" Ida asked.

"To put my shoes on, of course."

He glanced at the radio, from which

the news still came pouring. "It won't be long now," he muttered.

"Now wait." Ida got up and stood before him. "Dear, let's be sensible. I may be all wrong about this. It may all be silly. He's a human being just like the rest of us. He has a child and three lovely wives. His mother adores him. I saw a picture of her just the other day, a dear old lady with soft grey hair. I was a little hysterical a minute ago. I'm sorry. But just for my sake, won't you try?"

"Every time Cerveza and I saw him on the screen," Arthur said, closing his eyes, "we got a feeling—"

"All right. Now listen, Arthur. You'll never have to see him again in your whole life. What's more, from now on you can be the one to decide what films we're going to see. That's a solemn promise, darling, if you'll go into the bedroom and while you're putting on your shoes just close your eyes and work. Will you try?"

Arthur didn't know whether he was nodding or shaking his head or what he was doing, but he managed to get to the bedroom, where for several minutes he stood perfectly still, looking down at his shoes. He sat down slowly and let his hands hang limply over his knees in what is known as a posture of indecision.

But when his decision came, it came galloping, and brought Arthur to full life and instant action. First he glanced at his watch and noted with a gleam in his eye that he was twenty minutes earlier than he had been the time before. Then he grabbed his shoes and put them on and tied the laces so fast that the ordinary human eye could scarcely have followed his movements. He leaped to his feet and went to the hall and got his hat. Then he entered the dining-room, and faced Ida in final decision.

"My dear," he said, "never mind breakfast. I'll grab a cup of coffee and two doughnuts at the corner, then jump into Cerveza's cab—"

He stopped. Ida was standing near the radio, her face radiant. "Darling!" she cried.

... great relief, among millions of Americans, that it appears to be only an attack of acute indigestion, brought on by eating too many underdone crawfish at a late supper given him by his admirers. The doctors are hopeful.

"And speaking of indigestion, folks, remember that Nispep is simply pepsin, spelled backward. It is obtainable everywhere, from the sunny shores of California to the depths of darkest Africa. The large economy size is recommended. And now about the district attorney. He has just announced postponement—"

Ida snapped off the radio and came forward and put her hands on Arthur's shoulders. "You'll never regret it, sweet," she said softly.

Arthur, dropping his hat into a convenient chair, took her into his arms. He even kissed her. Then, with her head upon his shoulder, he looked past her and into the glorious future, the cinematic prospect of great promise he had managed to earn.

It was only with casual interest that he noticed that Ida had put another slice of bread into the toaster, and that it was burning.

(Copyright)



by MARTIN WISDOM

DANGER AFOOT

From time to time I've pleaded with our friends the motorists to observe the rules of the road more closely and help reduce our shocking accident toll. But we pedestrians are often just as much to blame.

Take that recent case of the English pedestrian whose carelessness resulted in the death of a motorcyclist.

£2,500 damages were awarded against the "careless walker". Don't let this happen to you!

We must remember that there are rules of the road for pedestrians, too. We're inclined to regard ourselves as privileged to take an occasional risk.

But there are two points we should bear in mind. First, our personal safety is not exclusively our own: injury brings a wake of bitter distress to our families. And secondly, we owe it to every other road-user, pedestrian or motorist, to pull our weight.

It's a surprising thing, but for each bad driver there are over a thousand careless pedestrians.

Are you one?

Martin Wisdom
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Insured by the Member Companies of the Fire, Accident and Marine Underwriters' Association of Australia.
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C915

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Pick a pack of SAXA the pick of packet salt





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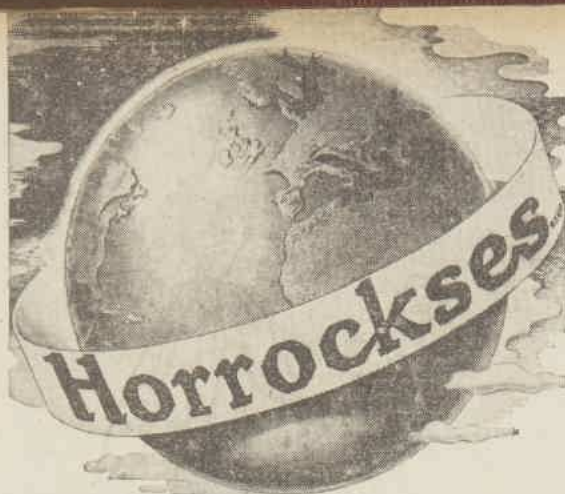
If you're really fashion-wise

You will shop with enterprise.
Choosing fabric for a dress
Calls for caution and finesse...
Feel it—test it—will it drape?
Tailored, will it keep its shape?
Crease-resistant? Will it wear?
How much washing will it bear?...
If on 'LYSTAV' you decide,
Every wish is gratified.
On its selvedge, you will find
Final grounds for peace of mind,
TOOTAL'S name is there to read—
Satisfaction's guaranteed!



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Australia's Leading Monthly Magazine. Packed with features, fiction, and sporting articles of absorbing interest to men and women.

At all newsagents and bookstalls every month, 1/-.

The Lowbrow and the Lady

Continued from page 9

SLOWLY Tony straightened his slim shoulders under the heavy padding of the pin-stripe suit, saluted himself in the mirror, and went out to the girl in the car. She was sitting exactly as he had left her, and when he came within her range of vision her expression did not change an iota.

"So you didn't walk out on me," he said.

She lifted her hand, and something jangled. Slowly she twisted around on her finger a ring of keys exactly like those in Tony's pocket.

"I always keep a duplicate set under the hood," she said. "But I was curious." She looked not at all curious. "I had to see why you wanted me to wait. Now I'll go."

She pressed the starter again, but before she could get the car rolling Tony was in the seat beside her.

"Where are we going?" he inquired.

Without looking at him, she gave an almost imperceptible shrug and stepped on the accelerator. "You move fast," she said, and then added, a little something new in her voice, "You must be a good dancer."

"You ought to try me," he said. "There's a good place a couple blocks from here."

"In the middle of the afternoon?"

"Sure, why not? Juke boxes don't care when they work." He gave her a quick glance and added guilefully, "Unless you're one of these dames has to do everything right along the line, by the clock."

"I do whatever I please, when I please. And don't say 'dame.'"

"Lady?"

"That's worse. 'Girl' will do."

You could go far, he thought, with a dame—a girl—like this. You could get to be a big shot, not only look like one; so that later on you'd be out of the grease pit, sitting behind a desk and telling other guys what to do. You'd marry a girl with a cool, bored, beautiful face and long, smooth hands, and live in a place with a lot of windows, and your kids would go to college.

"Take the next right," he said. "There where it says Papa Joe's. That's it."

This was the best place he knew, a good, clean place, with always the newest music on the juke box. It was dim inside, and cool. The tile floor smelled of yellow soap and ammonia, and the linoleum tops of the tables in the booths were waxed to a high polish.

"Hey!" he yelled. "Hey, Joe!"

A little, swarthy, wizened man in a white butcher apron came from the back, peering at them with large liquid eyes. He could have been seventy, but his voice, when he spoke, was deeply booming and youthful.

"Ha, ya, Count! What's a matt? You lose your job? O.K., you work for Papa Joe." He winked at the girl. "Scrub floors or somethin'."

"Lose my job? Don't be a sap! Where'd Tubby ever get another guy as good as me?" He cupped his hand around the girl's elbow. "You fix us up a large-size pizza with anchovies while we dance."

"You crazy, Count? I no make pizzas four o'clock in the afternoon!"

Tony grinned and patted the little man's bent shoulder. "Ah, come on, Joe: sure you do, for me. I been telling her she never tasted a pizza till she tries Papa Joe's. You gonna let me down?"

The old man shrugged, opening his palms in appeal to the girl. "Whatcha gonna do? He sweet-talk everybody like that."

He went away, and Tony released the girl's arm to put a nickel into the big shiny juke box.

"I can't eat anything now," the girl said. "What's a pizza?"

The music began its low, insistent rhythm. Tony spun slowly around and took her in his arms. "A pizza

is something you can eat at any time, either day or night," he said. "Wait and see."

He said nothing more then, just danced. She was so light he could hardly believe it, her bones so fine and small under his hand that he felt they might break if he held her too tightly. No matter what he did, however dexterous and intricate the steps that his skilled feet conceived, she followed easily.

There wasn't a girl he knew who could dance like this girl.

"We're good together," she said indifferently.

Good? They were wonderful! But he knew how it was with her. She wasn't quick and easy talking, like the girls around here. She had to size a fellow up, taking it slow. She had to know where she was going, and if she didn't like things, if he made a wrong move, she'd walk away from him as cool as she came in.

"Come watch Papa Joe make the pizza," he said. "You'll get hungry."

The little old man stood behind a counter, kneading a ball of dough. Presently he began to stretch it with light, deft fingers until it was large and round and paper-thin. He brushed it with olive oil, sliced bits of hard white cheese over the surface, and poured on a thick tomato sauce.

Then he arranged anchovy fillets across the top and sprinkled freshly



ground pepper and oregano over everything. With a long-handled, flat wooden shovel, he lifted it up and slid it into the huge oven behind him.

"Extra special," he said, grinning and nodding at the girl. "Nice and spicy for you and the Count."

Tony fed the juke box another nickel, and they danced some more, until the pizza was baked to a delicate melting brown. Then Papa Joe slipped it on to a big tin plate and cut it quickly into large sections, and Tony showed her how to eat it, flipping the tip of the triangle back over the filling and holding it with a paper napkin.

"I see what you mean," she said. She ate thoughtfully, watching him, making his heart hammer. "It's like you," she went on finally. "The flavor's sort of interesting and piquant."

"Peeq-what?"

"Piquant. Strange, spicy, pungent." She smiled, not the little amused smile this time, but a warmer one. "I like something new and different."

He wasn't sure what she meant, but he understood the smile; he understood that she wasn't sorry she had come with him. It was working out all right. Back there in the shop, he had never expected, really, that it would.

He had heard her horn blowing and started to roll out from under the car to see what was wanted, and then he had had a look at her before she'd noticed him, and rolled right back. Because the minute he saw her he knew this was it—the kind of girl he was always dreaming about, slender and cool and beautiful, a girl from the world he was going to belong to some day.

But he had wanted to meet her right, dressed like a gentleman, not sliding out from under a car, covered with grease. He'd had to go through with it the best he could from there, and he hadn't been at all sure how it would turn out, but now it was O.K.

"If that's the case," he said, "you better tell me your name. I didn't ask you before, because if we didn't hit it off, it wouldn't make any difference."

Papa Joe brought two glasses of foaming, ice-cold beer, and she sipped hers gently, not swigging it or getting it up her nose and giggling over it, like some girls he knew.

"You're a philosopher," she said. "My name is Eloise Allaire."

He tried it on his tongue, which was so much less flexible than his body, and it came out just right—soft and liquid. He said it then, wherever he could fit it in, marveling at the sound of it on his own lips.

"In a little while this place will start filling up, Eloise. Let's go before it does."

"I have to leave now anyway. I'm expected home."

"Yeah, sure," he said. "I know. All dames have to run to somebody's whistle. Who's whistle for you, Eloise? Mamma?"

"Nobody whistles for me," she said. "I told you, I do as I please." She turned her profile to him, watching some people coming in the door, and he admired, without any words for it, the clear outline of her features, the clean sweep of her bones under the flawless golden skin. "I have a dinner date."

It was two men and two girls coming in, some of the gang from the factory around the corner. The men wore sports shirts, and one of them had on a faded leather jacket and the other a grey suit jacket with shiny cuffs. The girls were dressed in blouses and ballerina skirts, and they glittered and jingled with bracelets.

"Say, there's the Count!" one of the girls shrieked. She gave Tony a ripe smile, and then explained audibly to the other girl, "That's the Count, honey, the one I was telling you about. Elegant, huh?"

The men called, "Hiya, Count! Whatya know?" They started forward, grinning, and then caught sight of Eloise and stopped uncertainly and sat down where they were.

Tony waved a greeting. "Good kids," he said to Eloise. "You've got 'em scared off, though. They don't know what to make of you."

"Yeah, once or twice," the girl with the loud voice was saying. "He's a hard guy to keep in'arrested, though. He's fussy . . . Yeah. Well, that's right. Why wouldn't he be? Any girl would go for the Count."

Eloise looked at Tony, who had two spots of hot color in his dark cheeks. "Does she think everybody's deaf?"

He grinned. "She has to yell over the machines all day. She forgets when there's no machines. Fan's a good kid." He picked up the check from the table and took out his wallet, holding it so she could see it. He had bought it a few days before at a sale, just in time for this occasion. It was green imitation alligator, extra large, with gilt corners and his initials in gilt. He could see she couldn't take her eyes off it.

Please turn to page 41

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - October 1, 1949

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are captives in the undersea country of Atalan.
THE QUEEN OF ATALAN: And her courtiers take Mandrake on a whale hunt, but leave Narda be-

hind as a hostage. Narda suspects that the Queen wants to marry Mandrake. In the sea the hunting party with its trained shark pack chases Orca the killer whale. Queen Alina, mounted on a giant sea-horse, races towards the whale, her harpoon ready to strike. **NOW READ ON:**



ALINA'S HARPOON PIERCES THE WHALE! THE GREAT MAMMAL VEERS TO THE SURFACE! NOW, THE EXCITING PART OF EVERY WHALE HUNT--BEING DRAGGED ALONG AT A FAST CLIP IN THE MONSTER'S WAKE.



SUDDENLY, THE WHALE DIVES DEEP! AN EXPERIENCED WHALE HUNTER, LIKE ALINA, SHOULD HAVE BEEN READY FOR THAT--BUT SHE ISN'T! SHE'S PULLED OFF HER SEA HORSE...



THE WHALE DIVES NEAR MANDRAKE. HE MANAGES TO GRASP ALINA, RESCUING HER...



ORCA, THE KILLER WHALE, SUDDENLY TURNS ON THEM, HIS TWELVE-FOOT JAWS GAPING WIDE TO SWALLOW MANDRAKE, ALINA AND THE SEA HORSE!

UNDERWATER, MANDRAKE DIVES OFF HIS SEAHORSE TO AVOID THE WHALE'S JAWS, AND GRASPS THE HARPOON ROPE, AS THE WHALE SPEEDS PAST...



ORCA, THE KILLER WHALE, AGAIN BREAKS TO THE SURFACE, PULLING MANDRAKE AND ALINA ALONG IN HIS RAPID WAKE...



ONCE MORE UNDERWATER--THE TRAINED SHARKS CATCH UP TO THE WHALE. AND NOW A NEW THREAT! BARRACUDA, TIGERS OF THE SEA, JOIN THE FIGHT, WITH MANDRAKE AND ALINA IN THE MIDDLE!



SUDDENLY, FROM THE DEPTHS OF ATALAN, THE MYSTERIOUS MAGNETIC LIGHT BEAMS REACH THEM, PULLING THEM DOWNWARDS WITH BULLET-LIKE SPEED!



TO BE CONTINUED

A coo-ee from
MADGE ELLIOTT,
famous Australian stage star
now in London, who says:



"Thanks for
sending me all that
Small's Club Chocolate.
It was wonderful to
hear it "SNAP" again."

"Last time I was home in Australia," Madge continues in her air-mail letter, "it was a thrill to enjoy all the marvellous good things to eat! But most of all I remember that wonderful chocolate—and how loudly it snapped! I can well believe that the louder the snap the better the chocolate—and Small's Club Chocolate breaks with such a clear, loud SNAP every time. But is it true that the 'not so sweet' flavour in Small's Club Chocolate was meant only for men? Well, they can't have it all on their own! I like my chocolate 'not so sweet,' too!"

Small's make Great Chocolate



A PLANNED 21st BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Follow the detailed plan in "COOKERY FOR PARTIES," and your 21st Birthday Party will be a huge success. The plan includes preparation, menu, setting, decoration, entertainment. Anyone planning to entertain at home will find this book invaluable as it gives 19 complete plans for all types of parties. Get your copy of "COOKERY FOR PARTIES"—An Australian Women's Weekly publication—from your newspaper, 2/-.

WISE WIFE AND MOTHER



SUGGESTS CORRECT ACTION

AT FIRST TWINGE OF RHEUMATISM



"I WAS LIVING IN A FOOL'S PARADISE"

"As far as my health was concerned I must have been living in a Fool's Paradise. Never ever having been really sick in my life it never occurred to me that it was necessary to take precautions regarding my health. But when you start to go, you go down hill very quickly. In just a couple of weeks I lost all my feeling of fitness. I felt slow, heavy and irritable, and who wouldn't if they had rheumatic pains? But thank goodness for my wife's insistence—and thank goodness for Kruschen Salts. They certainly had me feeling my usual self in next to no time."

"I'm all for being cautious about my health now. I won't miss my 'little daily dose' of Kruschen for worlds."



IT DOESN'T PAY TO RISK YOUR HEALTH

"It makes you stop and think a bit when you see your father change so quickly from the best-natured chap in the world to a crutchy old man. It certainly convinced me that it doesn't pay to take any chances with your health; that 'little daily dose' of Kruschen now goes into my tea every morning and I find it has even made me feel better than I felt before."

"I come from a family where bodily cleanliness, both inside as well as outside, has always been regarded as our best health assurance. Each of us regularly added the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen to our first morning cup of tea. When I married I tried to introduce the habit to my husband, but he always said it was better to leave 'well enough' alone. Our son, Don, was the same when he grew up. Like most healthy young people, I suppose he couldn't imagine being other than in the best of health. Recently, after a few weeks of feeling sluggish and out-of-sorts generally, my husband began to be troubled with rheumatic pains. It was at that stage that I was able to convince him that what I'd been saying all our married life about being clean inside was true. I started my husband off on the medicinal dose of Kruschen for a week, gradually reducing the dose. This completely rid him of the pains. Now he keeps the prospect of a return of the rheumatic pains at bay by taking the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen like I've always done."

"His father's experience was a shock to our son, Don—but all's well that ends well, I'm happy to say, and to-day all three of us are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'."

HOW POISONOUS WASTES AFFECT YOUR HEALTH

When poisonous wastes are retained in the system instead of being eliminated by the body's normal processes, there is a risk that these wastes may seep

into the bloodstream. This invites risk of rheumatism, lumbago, eczema, backache, aching joints and a number of painful muscular affections.

HOW KRUSCHEN CLEANSSES YOUR SYSTEM OF POISONOUS WASTES

The liver and kidneys play a major part in cleansing out the body's poisonous wastes. Kruschen's mixture of six natural salts act in a natural way on these organs. They stimulate the

liver and wash out the kidneys, enabling them to function properly. When your body is thus freed of poisonous wastes the bloodstream then becomes purified of the factors that may cause . . .

RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, LUMBAGO, ACHING JOINTS, SEVERE MUSCULAR PAINS

These ailments can signify that your system needs assistance to free itself of poisonous wastes. If you are a sufferer, take the medicinal dose of Kruschen till the condition is alleviated. As a result your health will improve—then maintain that standard by taking a "little daily dose" of Kruschen.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

1/6 and 2/9 at
Chemists and Stores

MAY BE TAKEN

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS

MEDICINAL DOSE:

For persons suffering from Gout, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Eczema, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disorders, take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of hot water each morning before breakfast.

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE":

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The Lowbrow and the Lady

Continued from page 38

WHEN they got to the door, Tony stopped. "We could go bowling, Eloise," he said. "Fellow runs the alley down at the corner is a friend of mine and he lets me play half price. Or we could catch the picture at the Bijou. I know most of the ushers, so I can always get good seats. Or if you want to go some place else to dance some more—"

"I told you," she said. "I have a dinner date."

He had hoped she wouldn't say it again. He had thought that if he talked fast, offered her all those things, she might be willing to forget the date. He didn't want to let her go.

"Don't go, Eloise." He had never had to plead with a girl before, and the accents of pleading were strange on his tongue. "Break your date." She took out a flat gold compact and powdered her nose, looking at herself casually in the round mirror. "Don't be silly." Then she paused, holding the puff in the air, and looked at him, a kind of faint delight dawning in her face. "You could come along," she said.

"Along?" He spoke the word hoarsely. "Along with you? You want me to, Eloise?"

It got to be more like a dream every minute. They drove to her apartment and he waited in the living-room while she dressed. It was a big place, big enough for a lot of people, but no one was home. He sat and looked at everything, and he thought it was all sort of too dark and plain, but he knew it was he who must be wrong.

There was a picture on one wall of a bowl of fruit. The bowl was crooked and the grapes were bigger than the apples. He thought some kid in the family must have done it in school, and they had it up there the way his folks used to put his kindergarten drawings on the mantel. But Eloise told him later some famous painter had painted it and it was wonderful.

It took her a long time to get dressed, and there was a minute there when he almost got up and beat it. He didn't know why. And when she came in, he thought he must have been crazy. Her dress was green, and it made her eyes look green, too. She had done something to her hair, combed it up some way, and she was different—still cool, but with a kind of glow under the coolness.

He whistled, and she glanced up at him as though surprised to see him there.

"Don't do that," she said. "That's for dames."

He rocked back and forth on his heels, perfectly balanced, springy at the knees. "That's for anybody looks like you do. Only nobody else does."

"Pretty," she said. "Very pretty." The doorbell rang then, and in a minute the room was filled with people. He never did sort them out. There were a couple of girls like Eloise, but not nearly so much so, and some men in dark suits, with short haircuts.

"This is the Count," Eloise said. "Count Mullins."

The men shook his hand loosely and the girls said, "How do you do?" in their cool, breathy voices. He thought they were all looking at his shoes. He was the only one with black-and-white shoes.

"The Count dances divinely," Eloise said. She went over to the radio and flipped it on, and then held out her arms to him. "Come on. Give them a sample."

He was used to having people watch while he danced. Summer or

later, wherever he was dancing, at Papa Joe's, or over at Danceland, or at a private party, a little circle would be cleared around him and his partner and the others would stop to watch.

But he had never danced like this, so free to do what the music told him, knowing Eloise would follow whatever patterns his feet made, as though they had practised it for hours, as though they had always danced together.

She was not even breathing faster when they had finished. She looked not at him, but at the others, smiling the little smile. "See?" she said.

"Very good," someone murmured. They moved restlessly toward the door, the girls with their little fur capes hanging half off their shoulders, like rags. "Are you on the stage, Count Mullins?"

"No, I just like —" he began, but nobody was listening.

"Let's go, for Pete's sake," one of the men said. "You hungry?"

They went to a place where there wasn't any music, just a long bar, the longest Tony had ever seen, with a gold-tinted mirror behind it. In the bar there were a lot of tables, and though they were all filled and the bar was crowded, you could hardly hear a sound.

"We'll get a table," Eloise said. "Bill knows every head waiter in town."

They got a table, and then Bill, or one of the other men—they all looked alike to Tony—did the order-



ing. "We'll have the lobster ther midor," he said, "and be sure the chef puts in extra truffles. He knows how I like it."

They had cocktails first, except for one man who had a glass of milk. "I don't know about those wheat futures," he said. "If the market's the same to-morrow—"

Big business, Tony thought. The stock market. He listened, but he didn't know what they were talking about.

"You on the waggon?" he asked the fellow with the milk.

The man put down his glass and looked at Tony. "My dear fellow," he said. "I have ulcers."

"Oh," Tony looked at his glass a minute, twirling it lightly by the delicate stem. "Well, I haven't," he said, and drank the pale liquid down.

Eloise was watching his hands. "You're very well co-ordinated," she said. "Like a pianist or something. But you're not a bit dangerous, are you, Count Mullins? This afternoon, when you took my keys, I thought you were dangerous."

"I'm O.K.," he said, "when I get what I want."

"And when you don't?" She leaned unexpectedly close to him. "What then?"

"There is no don't," he said. She laughed. "You mean so far?"

"Yeah," he said. "So far." The man who knew all the head waiters was paying for the drinks. His wallet was much smaller than Tony's, and black, the leather limp with age. Eloise saw Tony looking at it, and whispered to him, "You have a lot to learn, haven't you, Count Mullins? But you're quick. You'd learn fast, with the right teacher."

They had their dinner, and the men talked some more about the market, and the girls kept waving across the room to people they knew. Eloise told Tony that all the celebrities came here. She pointed out a movie star two tables away. With-out the special lights and photography, the star looked like anybody else, a lot older, not even extra pretty.

"It's funny," Tony said. "All this not more'n a mile from where I hang out. Girls like you, guys like these, lobster what-d'ya-call-it, movie stars—I been dreaming about it a long time."

"And now," she said, "the dream has come true."

"That's right," he agreed. "The dream has come true."

They finished dinner and went outside, standing in a little group on the footpath. Somebody asked what they were going to do next, and one of the men suggested the town's hip show.

"At the last minute?" a girl said. "They've been sold out for weeks."

"I can get seats," the man said. "Friend of mine owns half the show."

Eloise looked at Tony over her shoulder. "You see?" she said. "You can get anywhere if you know the right people."

"Sure," Tony said.

"But you don't want to go to the show, do you? We'll go up to a hotel roof and dance. They have the best band in town, and I can teach you some of the steps we do." All the coolness was gone from her face. She looked at him with puffed lips and spoke softly. "That's what you want, isn't it, Count Mullins?"

He grinned at her, balancing himself on the balls of his feet, ready to spring, ready to dance, ready to run away. "No dame," he said, "is gonna teach me any steps."

He was gone before she could have known he was leaving, riding on the bus to the Bijou. There was a line stretched halfway around the lobby, but he said, "Hi, Charley!" to one of the ushers, and Charley snatched him on the back and said, "Hi, Count!" and slipped him inside to a seat.

He slouched down and crossed his legs. He looked at his black-and-white shoes and polished them a little with the handkerchief he kept in his back pocket.

Maybe he'd call Amy afterwards, or maybe Lila, or maybe he'd just drop over to Danceland and see who was there, and try some of the tricks new variations of the samba that he'd figured out. They could go to Papa Joe's later, when he got hungry again. Amy, or Lila, or whoever it was would say they could never get in at that hour, it would be too crowded, but Papa Joe would give him a table, no matter how crowded it was.

For the Count? he'd say. "Sure! Say, lady, you lucky, out with such a well fella, such an elegant dresser, like the Count. Any place he wanna go, they let him in."

Tony grinned to himself in the darkness and looked at the screen. The star was young and beautiful, not a line or a flaw in her cool, clear-cut face. He used to wonder how it would be to know a dame like that.

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KE72

★ A pretty lady

"Mother, I am proud of you. You look so jolly young for your age." John looked up from his newspaper with a faint smile.

"Young?" he exclaimed. "Why, she is the prettiest girl in town."

Anne the elder sat on the side of his chair and kissed him.

"Oh," she whispered, "O, that sweet word. Do you know, you're the sweetest husband in the world. You say the LOVELIEST things."

"I'm quite sure," said Anne the younger, "that across Mother's heart are written the five words: 'Thank goodness for Creme Chamosan'."

What a thrill, what a blessing, what a happy day when you see the sweet warm tones of Youth creep back into your skin as Creme Chamosan removes all mucky freckles from your skin, as many signs of age.

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And add to your glamour with Chamosan Lipstick. Try Red Rubbin, the most natural of all true reds.

Trained Nurse Offers Remedy for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Mixture That Quickly Darkens It

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can employ at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded, or grey hair, which turns black, brown, or light brown as you desire. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orlex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. This **Orlex Compound** only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

★★ Scott of the Antarctic

SCOTT'S final expedition to the South Pole is one of the hero-sagas of modern history.

Working from the explorer's own vivid records, Ealing Studios have contrived a semi-documentary film of that ill-fated journey, presenting with slow, careful detail episodes leading up to and through the dash into the terrors of Antarctica by Scott's intrepid band.

For the audience the logical unfolding of these events is an absorbing experience.

If that is the producer's aim he succeeded, but permitting the film to run its entire length at unbroken pitch, without emotional highlight or shade, results in flawless production, which leaves the audience a bit flat.

In the title role, John Mills, said to resemble closely the explorer, gives a competent, unobtrusive portrayal, all the better because it is entirely free from obvious tricks of showmanship.

Harold Warrender, as Dr. E. A. Wilson, the scientist, Derek Bond as Captain Oates, and Reginald Beckwith as Lieut. Bowers are distinguished members of a large cast.

Beginning with Scott's preliminary difficulties in securing finance and equipment, events are traced to the sailing of his ship, the Terra Nova, from New Zealand, and the bombshell message from Norwegian Capt. Amundsen, that he is heading for the Antarctic instead of the North Pole, as originally planned.

In the hard, dull bitterness of intense cold, fighting the elements every mile of the way, and racing against time, Scott's exhausted expedition finally reaches its goal—to find they have been beaten by Amundsen, and the black flag of Norway is flying there.

Hearbroken, ill, and in agonising conditions, the dwindling party struggles to make the long trek back, surviving to within eleven miles of their camp.

"Scott of the Antarctic" cannot be assessed in terms of entertainment. It is a realistically grim record of human endeavor against overwhelming odds.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Key Largo

Magnificent technicolor photography shows the terrifying beauty of the ice-world, the screaming fury of polar blizzards, and the eerie silences of this unknown wasteland—all unforgettable.

The film is showing at the Embassy.

★★ The Weaker Sex

WEST END long-run hit "No Medals," by Esther McCracken, comes to the screen under the less appropriate title "The Weaker Sex."

Ordinary family life as lived in England during World War II, and after the peace, with alternating laughter and sorrow, is the theme of this pleasant Two Cities film, which stars Ursula Jeans, Cecil Parker, and charlady type Thora Hird.

It is a tribute to women on the home front who did the mundane tasks of day-by-day domesticity.

Maturely attractive widow, Ursula Jeans lives in a small town on England's coast, has two daughters, a son, and a son-in-law in the forces.

The changing tide of war takes its toll of the group, and the family turn to her as head of the house for comfort, warmth, and understanding, and her good common sense is an anchor for those she loves.

Back of all this is the daily round of chores performed by the homemaker—washing, sewing, shopping on a ration-bound market, and a spot of canteen work and fire watching on the side.

British studios excel with this type of film. There is no plot, a minimum of drama, but events move along smartly and there is a sprinkling of homespun humor and pathos that every member of a family appreciates.

Youthful Thora Hird does another of those inimitable char studies for which she is noted, and Cecil Parker has the part of the stalwart navy friend of the family who eventually marries mother.

The film is showing at the Tatler.

DISILLUSIONED ex-army officer Frank McCloud, played by Humphrey Bogart, finds himself in the middle of a gangland shooting affray when he stops off at Key Largo to visit the father and widow of a friend killed overseas.

Adapted from the Maxwell Anderson play, the film is a gangster-thriller type with psychological overtones.

The tropical background of Key Largo, a small island off the Florida coast, in the typhoon belt, adds to the taut atmosphere.

In one of his crusty portrayals, Lionel Barrymore is the innkeeper-father, and Lauren Bacall the poker-faced young widow.

Impressed by the moody Mr. Bogart, they ask him to stay at their isolated hotel, which he finds has been taken over by a provocative team of hardbitten gentry bossed by Edward G. Robinson.

It is some time since Edward G. Robinson has had a mean gangster role. As Johnny Rocco, he holds the place in a state of siege and terror until his real purpose is revealed in a counterfeit deal.

Courage of the underworld bully cracks when the inevitable hurricane strikes, ending the battle of wits with the war veteran and precipitating the gun battle that ends it all.

Claire Trevor contributes a nice little piece as Rocco's dipsomaniacal girl-friend, Gaye.

This Warner Bros. release is showing at the Regent.

★ My Girl Tisa

THE sidewalks of New York at the beginning of the century form the background for this sentimental story about migrants from the old world, young love in the new, and America as the land of freedom and opportunity.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Lilli Palmer, as Tisa Kepes, a migrant from Europe, toils in a New York sweat-shop in order to save enough money to bring her father across to join her.

She is successful to the point where she meets and falls in love with American-born Mark Denek, a fast-talking, would-be lawyer in the employ of the local yard boss (Alan Hale). The young man has a penchant for trouble-making and proceeds to complicate Tisa's life.

New star Sam Wanamaker plays the part of this lawyer with ambitious ideas and considerable ego.

Akim Tamiroff, as the tight-fisted sweat-shop owner, adds an interesting note, and as the unscrupulous travel agent, Tesco, Hugo Haas gives a good characterisation.

Threatened with deportation on a trumped-up charge made by Tesco, Tisa is saved by the intervention of the President of the United States—Teddy Roosevelt.

This finale is a phony note in an otherwise tolerable tale.

A Warner Bros. film, it is showing at the Plaza.

★ Yes, Sir, That's My Baby

THIS is an amiable comedy cut from a familiar pattern concerning life on a State University campus. The story is given a modern twist, developing round five G.I. students and their young wives and children.

The trouble is the wives are also students, and taking their share of baby-minding prevents the boys from playing football.

Donald O'Connor, Gloria De Haven, and a delightful infant play the domestic trinity that manages to mix things up thoroughly, and some of this is quite good fun.

Universal-International's technicolor film is showing at the State.



Australian fast bowler

RAY LINDWALL says

"You can't beat Horlicks for nourishment and flavour"

"You have to be fit—and stay fit for fast bowling," says Ray. "That's why I'm a great believer in Horlicks. I enjoy its delicious flavour, and it keeps me right on my toes."

Ray Lindwall, like so many other famous sportsmen and athletes, has proved the value of drinking Horlicks regularly. And, what Horlicks has done for Ray Lindwall it will do for you.

Why is Horlicks so very good for you? The full, satisfying flavour of Horlicks comes from a careful blend of fresh,

full-cream milk and the nutritive extracts of malted barley and wheat. It is Nature's flavour . . . that's why you never tire of it.

Many people drink Horlicks simply because they enjoy that distinctive flavour. Others drink Horlicks because they need it to build them up . . . to nourish the body and nerves . . . and to induce deep, refreshing sleep. But—whatever the reason—everyone enjoys Horlicks. It is equally delicious hot or cold.

Ray Lindwall played his first game for Australia against England in 1946. Since then he has never looked back—but has sent England's champions back to the pavilion on many occasions. "Fast bowling burns the energy out of you," says Ray, "but I've found a way to replace it—with Horlicks."



Keen on golf, Ray Lindwall is one of the select band of golfers who have holed in one! Yes—he did the 15th at Cromer (N.S.W.) in one! Ray has also represented N.S.W. at Rugby League.

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FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. In a park Larry overhears JOE DOPE saying that he wants to be a famous criminal, and hopes Funnyman will catch him. Disguised, Larry follows, and Joe shoots at him with a toy cap pistol in the attempt to be arrested. Funnyman seems to be taking him seriously.

As I Read
the
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): September 28 and 29 are adverse, subject to sudden upheavals. September 30 to October 4 should be very bright. An important week for all social and personal relationships. Grasp every opportunity.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): September 30 and October 1 and 4 promise advancement, fresh activity, and renewed mental force, which should boost business and improve health. Don't decide matters of importance on September 28.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A week that could start adversely but end favorably. Use caution on September 28 and get ready for a busy time from September 30, for October 1, 2, and 4 offer some new pleasures and fresh enterprise. An enjoyable excursion could eventuate.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A tendency for sudden changes marks September 28 and 29, to be followed by some improvement in domestic or present living conditions from September 30. October 4 brings happy news and gain in matters close to your heart.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Avoid disagreements with relatives and neighbors on September 28 and 29. Take advantage of any opportunity offering change on September 30. October 1 and 4 can benefit you both socially and financially.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Bright ideas could help you improve your finance or strike a lucky bargain this week, if you choose September 30 or October 1, 2 and 4. Loss or disappointment is in store if you buy, sell, or invest on September 28 and 29.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Give careful thought to any move in personal affairs on September 28. Make the most of October 1, 2, and especially October 4. You could alter some existing conditions with very favorable results.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Hidden or unforeseen events could cause worry early this week, so be on your guard from September 28. Conditions ease and luck follows from September 30.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A very agreeable and prosperous week if you can remember to avoid giving way to impulse on September 28. With the exception of October 3, the week could bring new romance, interesting friends, or the realization of a wish.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A little danger exists to your career or domestic activities from September 28, but from September 30 your prestige, social and business prospects just leap ahead, and by October 4 some of your ambitions should have been achieved.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Changes are in the air, so be patient and don't make a move until nearing September 30. October 1, 2, and 4 could start interesting events for the future and bring the realization of some present plans. September 28 is adverse.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your financial interests are subject to much activity this week. Avoid all risky propositions during September 28 and 29. Some uplift is due from September 30.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.)

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TO BE CONTINUED

The Australian Women's Weekly - October 1, 1949

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Enjoy it every month — 1/- a copy — Eleri Queen's Mystery Magazine.



Hardest-worked man in British films is Donat

Writes, produces, directs, and stars all at once

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

To-day Robert Donat is doing one of the toughest jobs in British films.

He is writing, producing, directing, and starring in his own film, "The Cure For Love," a comedy. And he is managing the Westminster Theatre in London.

HERE are some of the problems involved in making the film.

Money: Nobody had any, Robert decided—characteristically enough—to make "The Cure For Love" when the winter winds of crisis were blowing a gale through British film studios, when financiers shivered at the mere mention of putting up money.

He finally got it going on a Government loan.

Cast: Robert Donat personally conducted a nation-wide hunt for a young boy who could talk with a Lancashire accent and had everything else besides that makes a star.

After boiling applications down and sifting through about 1500 auditions, he finally chose a lad from his home city, Manchester. He is Francis Wignall, 18, dark, tousle-haired, with an accent broader than Gracie Fields', and an engaging scowl. He is no Mummy's darling.

This brings us to:

Dialect: The film is set in the heart of Lancashire, and the dialogue is totally Lancashire. This naturally led people to ask: "How are you going to sell your film in America?"

Robert, a Lancashire man himself, with characteristic bluntness, has a rather short answer to that: "My main intention is to make the film for British audiences. If

we please them, there's a better chance of people abroad liking it.

"The way to popularise British films abroad is not to try too hard," he says. "And if America doesn't like my films, it's too bad for America."

"It's up to them to try to understand British dialects, just as we have succeeded in understanding the language of American films."

Health: During the preparation of his film Robert fell ill. He is an austere, hard-working man, who spares himself not at all, though he is not robust. And now the hard days of working in the studio, coping with the problems of four men instead of one, impose on him an immense strain.

Very few actors in England would attempt this feat. Noel Coward is one who has, but it is rare enough to be coincidence that Noel is, at the same moment, starring in a film of his own stage play, "The Astonished Heart."

Even Coward these days has come round to having a producer and director to take the immense load he once used to carry alone.

Young Peter Ustinov is another, but he, too, was obliged to acknowledge the strain.

Walter Greenwood, the novelist who collaborated on Ealing's "The Overlanders," and from whose play Robert Donat has written the scenario, sits modestly in a corner of the studio and is so awed by the many functions Donat performs at once

that he hardly ever interrupts him for a conference on the script.

"It's only when the day's work is over and he has talked with all his henchmen about what they're going to do to-morrow that I manage to buttonhole him," he smiled.

"I drive back to town with him and I make the poor fellow discuss script problems then."

"The Cure for Love" is a homely story. As a play it scored a great success in England with Robert Donat in the leading role as a returning sergeant whose feet are set a little unwillingly on the path towards marriage in the church by a highly determined fiancée. Despite his long stage and screen career this is the first time Bob has played a part in his native Lancashire.

He has surrounded himself with an expert and almost entirely Lancashire-born cast. Renee Asherson, whose gentler charms lure him away from the altar and a shrill fiancée, is one of the few exceptions.

These charms, the turned-up nose, and the twinkly eyes have so far been seen to their best advantage on the screen in those meltingly flirtatious scenes with Laurence Olivier in "Henry V."

If this tender screen memory is also too distant, Renee recently starred in "Once a Jolly Swagman," with newcomer Dirk Bogarde.

Despite its strong northern flavor, the film has not been entrusted to the outdoor rigors and uncertainties of Lancashire's climate. So much did Robert Donat fear this that he built all he wanted of Lancashire, for indoor and outdoor shots, right where he was on the studio lot. Sections of streets, complete with houses, have appeared at Isleworth Studios.

There is part of a canal built in the studio grounds, complete with towpaths, breakwater, derelict barges—and a stagnant-water smell.

To create a realistic Lancashire town, star-writer-producer-director Donat sent his workmen off to take casts of the actual stone walls, roofs, and pavements. Moulds were made of the cobbled streets to be relaid on the set in London.

To get authenticity into those homely Lancashire rooms in which



ROBERT DONAT has a heart-to-heart talk with his mother (played by Marjorie Rhodes) about his troubled love affair in this scene from "The Cure For Love," which he is producing and directing in London. Donat and Renee Asherson have the starring roles.

he is shooting most of the film's action was much harder.

With cables, trolleys, lamp-stands, reflectors, and microphone booms all clustered about, say, a kitchen range, there you have a vivid interpretation of the word chaos.

But through the confusion Donat moves with the poised calm of a veteran. One minute he has taken his place in front of the camera among two or three of his cast.

The next he has excused himself with a "Wait a moment, let's see . . ." and darted behind the camera for a squint through the viewfinder.

Back in his place on the set—a Lancashire back street—he calls, "Let's shoot it, shall we? Action!" And immediately he launches into back chat in character.

Robert Donat has come a long way in the fifteen years since his first successful film test. The story of that is appropriate now.

The director conducting his test

had a favorite singled out for the leading part, and was anxious that Donat shouldn't get it. Robert found himself blocked at every turn; camera in the wrong position, microphone either too close or too far away, so that he would have to whisper and bellow in turn.

Finally all this struck him as funny.

"I began to laugh," he said. "I just roared with laughter. I forgot about the test—just walked any old how through my lines, and laughed and laughed."

The next day Sir Alexander Korda was passing through the projection room, where they were screening "rushes" of the tests.

"Who is that fellow with the marvellous laugh?" he asked.

They told him: "Chap called Robert Donat."

"Ve gif 'im a contract," said Korda, and went on his way, puffing his cigar.



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Lovely Jennifer knows that pure, mild Pears is the best care precious complexions can have. Jennifer can't recall a bathtime without the thrilling luxury . . . the silken softness . . . of gentle Pears. She pays tribute to Pears for the fresh loveliness of her complexion. Use gentle Pears yourself, and your complexion too, will become soft and adorable.

Even on the hottest days—exposed to sun and wind—you'll be able to say, "With gentle Pears to look after my skin my complexion is always fluted".



At flower-times you'll be proud of your Pears-kissed complexion, you'll be proud of the lovelier look that pure, mild Pears and clear water has given to your skin.



Pears is the original transparent soap . . . it's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet.

Four British Stars



PATRICIA ROC has appeared in English, French, and American films. Married on August 17 in Paris to French cameraman Andre Thomas, she intends to live in France. Her most recent film for the J. Arthur Rank Organisation was the comedy "The Perfect Woman," adapted from the successful stage play.



ANN TODD has completed her starring role in "Madeleine," a screen version of the stage play in which she appeared. Directed by Ann's husband, David Lenn, "Madeleine" deals with the famous murder trial of Madeleine Smith in 1857, at which the verdict "not proven" made the case a world-wide cause celebre.



SALLY ANN HOWES won a £50,000 contract with the J. Arthur Rank Organisation recently and has been a film actress since she was twelve. She soon will be seen in the comedy "Fools Rush In," in which she plays the role of a young bride. Her next film will be "Stop Press Girl," opposite Gordon Jackson, who is in Australia for the filming of Ealing's "Bitter Springs."



LANA MORRIS, a teen-ager, made her film debut in 1947 as the pert housemaid in the Anna Neagle film "Spring in Park Lane." At present she is making "The Chiltern Hundreds" (J. Arthur Rank Organisation), in which she has the romantic lead opposite David Tomlinson. Her first stage work was in a Shakespearian play.



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SWEATER GIRL OF THE MONTH



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Norma Genevieve
You, too, will find HESTIA gives you a beautiful figure.



1 OBSESSED by a sudden interest in gambling, Joan Booth (Barbara Stanwyck) worries her husband, David (Robert Preston), while they are on a visit to Las Vegas from their Chicago home.



3 A QUARREL because Joan has gambled David's holiday savings causes him to leave her and return to Chicago alone.

The Lady Gambles

IN Universal International's drama, Barbara Stanwyck plays the role of a neurotic for the third time in her career.

The previous two were in "Stella Dallas" and "Sorry, Wrong Number."

In her current film, which marks her fiftieth Hollywood appearance, she plays a woman whose happy married life is ruined when she develops an obsession for gambling.

Her two leading men are Robert Preston and Stephen McNally.

The film is directed by Michael Gordon.



2 INFLUENCED by cafe-owner Corrigan (Stephen McNally) and her possessive elder sister, Ruth (Edith Barrett), Joan takes no notice of her husband's request to stop gambling.



4 HOPEFUL that Corrigan will give her a job, Joan visits him at Las Vegas and starts gambling again at small clubs.



5 PENNILESS, but still hoping to make a fortune, Joan dyes her hair and becomes hostess in a cheap gambling club, but is injured in a sudden brawl following the use of loaded dice.



6 RESCUED by her husband after she has attempted suicide while delirious in a hospital, Joan finally realises that her only happiness can come with him from a life free of gambling.

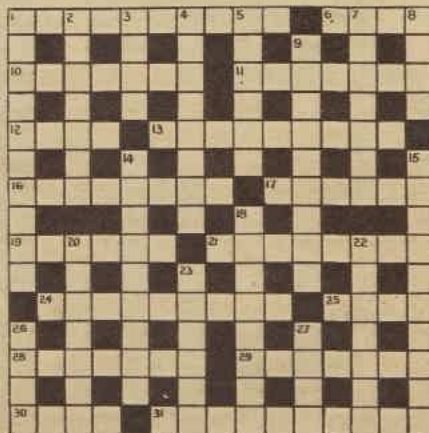
CROSSWORD No. 61

ACROSS

- One uses a key for safety after one's wealth was found by 15 in a boat (10).
- Overmoistens the dish (4).
- At the present time this point is not at any place (7).
- An ancient Palestinian bird-stalker might have suffered if he had lived in old New Zealand (7).
- Are going to the interior to look for a lake (4).
- A band — quantity of character it finally has deserted (9).
- Buch a frame-up encourages me to lie; otherwise I'm best dead (8).
- Hold tight where you're sitting, old bird! (6).
- If an Australian explorer is late, institute a grave inquiry (6).
- Material ladybird gets sick without going to extremes! (8).
- Shiners be without be without you'll agree (5, 6).
- Favoured edge (4).
- Injuries are beastly mother and take a long time (7).
- Tresc (anag.) (7).
- Dispatch — Japanese and Australian money (4).
- They should make good boners and live long after a brown overcast beginning! (10).

DOWN

- Ideal drink to make a reformed nigger be lyrical for ever (10, 4).
- What debtors do take are endorsed without being let down (7).
- The gear having the narrowest gauge has got to be cross (4).
- Ought a word of action take the place of our drum to repress (8).
- Suitable garment for a famous Kipling character with nothing on its back? (6).
- We know you carry it, Britannia, but don't walk in with the high explosive (7).
- A flier who planned to rebuild London churches? (4).
- Singing a joyful song melody of local ring (9).
- If I put a cat in an aviary there'll be a period of considerable explosions (6, 3).
- The story of the black polar toad, which is not a true one (5, 5).
- What to request to have done macaroni to make it savory? (6, 2).
- Cannot be regarded as plain folk (7).
- Ulysses' father set real climbers to find him (7).
- Concerning one of my boys' motive (8).
- Strife begins and ends for remnants (4).
- Microbe (4).



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 60

ACROSS: 1—Smith-e-teens. 8—Mar-row. 10—T/race/ry. 11—Rilps. 12—Con-tender. 13—Con-form. 14—Sae (hidden). 16—Pal (lap turned). 17—13—Sigs. one (going barred). 21—Dra/ch/ma. 22—Abraxas. 23—Pasi (anag.). 24—Il w-ill. 27—Tanner. 28—Parentthesis (anag.).
DOWN: 2—T-ta-llan. 3—Hart-shorn. 4—Raw. 5—Ex-tends. 6—Spore. 7—May-oral ball. 8—Read up (anag.). 11—Secret-a-rial (hair turned). 12—Cam. 15—Chaff-inch. 16—Garble (anag.). 20—Growler. 21—Do's. 22—Hooten. 24—Skin-p. 27—Ton (not turned).



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Covers
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KEEP THEM LIKE NEW WITH FAIRY DYES...

These dyes are as magical as their name promises them to be. Mother and Grandmother proved them! Now, they're back again. Cut down on that high cost of living and still look smart! Keep your clothes and your home gay and colourful with Fairy Dyes. Don't forget, Fairy Dyes have 50% added strength, and they're fast to light and washing.



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PACKED IN GLASS TUBES
FOR CLEAN EASY HANDLING.

Fairy Dyes

50% EXTRA STRENGTH

14. A TUBE AT CHEMISTS, STORES AND NEWSAGENTS



Cool sweater for summer

THIS neat sweater is knitted in "Snowy" cotton, available at David Jones', Sydney.

Materials: 100z. of "Snowy" cotton, a pair each of No. 13 and No. 11 needles, 15 small buttons, a pair of shoulder-pads.

Measurements: Bust, 34in.; length, 19½in.; sleeve seam, 4½in.

Tension: 7 sts. to 4in.

BACK
Right Side

With No. 13 needles cast on 56 sts. and work even in st-st. for 4½in. ending with a k row. Change to No. 11 needles and cast on 8 sts. at end of last k row for underlap. Work these 8 sts. in reverse st-st. (k on p side and p on k side). Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at underarm edge every 6 rows 6 times (70 sts.). Work even until back measures 13½in. from cast-on edge. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row at armhole edge, k 2 tog. at same edge every other row 6 times (59 sts.). Work even until armhole measures 7in. altogether measured on the straight.

Shape shoulder by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of armhole edge every other row 5 times, while at the same time cast off 18 sts. at neck edge once, then 4 sts. once, then 3 sts. once, then 2 sts. twice.

Left Side

Work to correspond with right side, reversing shaping and working 5 sets of buttonholes in groups of 3, starting first buttonhole ½in. from start as follows:

Starting at centre back edge, work 3 sts., cast off next 2 sts. loosely, work to end of row. On next row, cast on 2 sts. over those cast off on previous row. Work 2 rows, then work another buttonhole, work 2 rows and work 3rd buttonhole (1 group of 3 buttonholes completed).

Work 1in. above last buttonhole, then rep. the group of 3 once more; when hem is turned back the first group of buttonholes should meet the 2nd group, and will be counted as 1 group.

Work 2nd group 3½in. above 3rd buttonhole group in last group as follows: Starting at underlap work 3 sts., cast off 2 sts. loosely, work 6 sts. Cast off 2 sts. loosely, work to end of row. On next row, cast on 2 sts. over those cast off on previous row. Work 2 rows, then work a double buttonhole. Work 2 more rows and work a 3rd double buttonhole. Repeat these buttonholes about every 3½in. 3 more times (5 groups of buttonholes in all).

FRONT

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 118 sts. and work even in st-st. for 4½in. Change to No. 11 needles and inc. 1 st. at each end of every 4th row

6 times (130 sts.). At the same time when piece measures 6½in. from start, work lace patt. across centre 12 sts. as follows: Place a marker on each side of the 12 centre sts.

1st Row: With right side facing you, work to first marker, p 2, * k 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., p 2, rep. from * to 2nd marker, knit to end of row.

2nd Row: Purl to first marker, k 12, p to end of row.

3rd Row: Knit to first marker, p 12, k to end of row.

4th Row: Purl to first marker, k 12, p to end of row.

5th Row: Knit to first marker, p 3, with right-hand needle and wool at back of work, insert right-hand needle in the w.fwd. space 4 rows below and draw up a loop, p 1, draw up another loop in the same space, p 4, draw up another loop on the next w.fwd. space, p 1, draw up another loop in the same space, p 3, k to end of row.

6th Row: Purl to marker, k 2, p 2 tog. (purl these 2 sts. tog. through back of st. by inserting needle in 2nd st. first, then in first st.), k 1, p 2 tog. (these 2 sts. are purled tog. in the usual way), k 2, p 2 tog. through front, k 1, p 2 tog. through front, k 2, p to end of row.

Rep. these 6 rows until piece measures 2in. above first row of lace patt., then work one lace patt. each side of the centre patt., working 16 sts. on each side of the centre patt. in st-st. Cont. to work in this manner until front measures same as back to beg. of armhole.

Cast off 5 sts. at each end once, then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of each of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every k row 6 times (104 sts.). Work even until armholes measure 5in. straight up from cast-off sts. Shape neck as follows:

Cast off centre 22 sts. for front of neck. Working on one side only, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of neck edge every other row twice, then dec. 1 st. at same edge every other row 7 times. When armhole measures same as back, shape shoulder as directed for back. Work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles cast on 72 sts. and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 4th row 9 times (90 sts.). Work even until sleeve measures 4½in. from start or desired length to underarm. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every k row until top of sleeve measures 5in. altogether measured straight up from cast-off sts. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of each of the next 4 rows, then 2 sts. at beg. of each of the next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

Continued on page 54

PAIN
you can't
"explain"

Blessed
New Relief
for girls
who suffer
every month

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

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297 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

A SIMPLE wearable housecoat with soft collar, roomy sleeves, and graceful skirt is the accepted silhouette for the larger figure, and I have designed one this week for a reader.

Becoming style

"AS an ordinary working man's wife who likes to be nicely dressed, I am seeking your advice on a problem. I am going on a visit to some friends, and want to make myself a housecoat to take for the trip. I am O.S., but only 32, so want something youthful and becoming."

The housecoat I have designed for you and had illustrated has a wide draped collar, cape-like sleeves, and wrap-around skirt, which combine for a youthful and becoming style. Have the coat made in a printed rayon or silk, or perhaps a printed cotton. Choose a color to suit your eyes and hair. Personally, I adore pastels, and I think they are prettiest for such a garment as you are planning.



A WIDE draped collar and cape-like sleeves are becoming in a housecoat.

Cocktail hat

"TOWARD the end of November I have accepted an invitation to a large cocktail party and would like some advice. I have planned my frock, but want you to tell me if a small, shaped hat is fashionable for this hour and occasion. If so, what type and design?"

For the cocktail hour and later there is a definite trend in millinery towards a close-fitting shape with rather a helmet look. It can be worn to show a good deal of hair, or it may not show any. Dior's egg-shell hat is a perfect example of this theme. The hat, or perhaps better-named toque, is tiny and close-fitting, with a broken edge like an egg cracked in two. The Dior toque,

famous in Paris, London, and New York, has been made in many materials, including white pique, fine straw, and velvet.

Play clothes

"COULD you please tell me the latest design that is suitable for a sun-frock, the newest styles in play clothes, and colors most popular for all beach fashions?"

One of the most popular designs among this season's fashions for the beach is a sun-dress styled with a

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

bare-topped bodice accompanied by a short matching jacket.

The jacket can be below waist length, square cut, and finished with kimono sleeves, or it could be a tiny Dior-inspired fly-away bolero.

In the playsuit group, shorts and shirt in one and a separate matching button-front skirt are designed (when the skirt is worn) to look exactly like a casual dress. The shirt has all the current fashion points of the season—no pads in the shoulders, low-cut neckline, and tiny shoulder sleeves.

Popular colors for the beach include white, hambo-beige, yellow, purple, mauve, and prints in pink and green. The all-black swimsuit made in satin lastex is a new fashion popularised in Australia by our 1949 Paris Fashion Parades.

Evening length

"WILL you please tell me what you consider the most popular skirt for the evening? I would also like to know if a frock with an above-the-knee skirt is correct for formal evening wear and dancing."

In formal evening fashions, numbers of dresses have skirts with bouffant proportions, and numbers have slim, straight skirts. There is, too, a growing popularity for the shorter, easy-to-dance-in length. I think an attractive concession to this short, new length is a skirt cut to nine inches in front and floor length at the back.

DESIGNED FOR BEAUTY . . . by

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Your glamour dress

a soft cool printed sheer as feminine

as the flutter of a fan!

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Fashion FROCKS

"LESLEY" AND "EUNICE."—Two attractively designed blouses. Lesley has a tucked front, Eunice features a petal collar and scalloped front. Obtainable in white cotton lawn or in white, pink, and blue rayon crepe-de-chine.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 33/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 35/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

"SUZY."—A gored skirt made in spotted rayon. Colors obtainable are turquoise, sage-blue, green, and navy spotted in white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 29/11. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 21/6. Postage 1/9 extra.

"LUCY."—A casual sports skirt styled in striped spun linen. Colors obtainable are red and white, brown and white, navy and white, green and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 35/9. Postage 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 28/6. Postage 1/9 extra.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 12), or by post. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 4087, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 186, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 4013, G.P.O., Perth. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

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FAMOUS HAIR TONIC
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ARE YOU SLOWLY POISONING YOURSELF?

Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Antoxins—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better internal cleanness.

Coloseptic is the product of intensive research to find a remedy which would combat constipation at its source, the colon.

A level teaspoonful in a glass of water morning or night, once or twice a week, is sufficient after perfect relief is obtained.

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fortuna
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WHAT price beauty and comfort? This deluxe eyeshade is black and has the inside padded with soft silk; spread over an eye-lift, it ensures maximum comfort, brighter eyes.

Domino for eye beauty

● A simple little gadget called an eye-lift can restore color and beauty to tired eyes—and you can make it yourself.

USED to bring quick, new life to lack-lustre eyes, an eye-lift is shaped like a carnival domino, entirely covering the eyes.

As a guide for shape and size, the illustration will be helpful.

Use pieces of clean flannel or soft towelling, or something else that will hold moisture.

Allow a width of 7 inches, and a depth of about 2½ inches at the widest points.

Shape to fit across the nose.

Saturate one of the eye-lifts in a container of cooling, refreshing eye preparation that you know to be reliable, or alternately in boracic, salt, or herbal solution.

Have a supply on hand for use whenever the eyes need rest, clearing, or brightening.

A few minutes devoted each day to this special care ensures clearer eye white, more colorful iris, and is well worth the slight trouble it takes.

Here's how you get a quick lift for important occasions:

First remove make-up, with special around-eye attention.

Saturate eye-lift in solution and apply over closed eyelids, pressing gently over them and down on to the surrounding skin.

Relax for ten minutes with the head back, blinking the lids occasionally to get the full value of it.

Boracic solution is a faithful standby, easily made at home by adding enough boracic powder to boiling water until no more will dissolve. This is known as a saturated solution.

Allow to cool, then strain through a piece of sterile gauze and pour into a clean container, to be used as required.

Another easily made eye solution, one that is especially kind to reddened eyes, is made with equal parts of cool water and the juice of fresh lemons.

Saturate an eye-lift in this mixture and press it over the lids while relaxing for ten minutes.

The third suggestion involves slightly more effort. Dip an eye-lift in a small amount of quite hot milk and place across closed lids.

Remove as soon as it becomes cool and replace with a fresh one dipped in ice water or chilled lotion.

Where the eyes are sore, irritated, or inflamed, special herbal baths and packs are excellent.

Herbal mixtures, too, are made easily, or may be bought ready prepared, and used exactly as is the boracic powder solution.

Perhaps camomile is the best-known home-made preparation.

A teaspoonful of camomile is covered with boiling water in a teacup and allowed to steep, the leaves being crushed with a fork to extract all their content.

This liquid may be used both as eye-bath and pack.

Although these treatments are all simple, the cheapest and least troublesome eye care in the world is plenty of sleep, a sensible diet, and fresh air as often as you can get it.

Naturally, sleep is a basic necessity, giving active eyes needed rest.

To avoid dark circles under the eyes, put more sleep and fresh air into the daily routine, and take short rests from concentrated eye work every now and again.

A balanced diet, with adequate intake of Vitamins A and C (eaten in milk, eggs, liver, fish oils, dark green and yellow vegetables), is recommended to keep eye tissues healthy, in conjunction with those important minerals that encourage extra eye-shine.

Invigorating exercise in the fresh air pep up the circulation of the blood, and that, in turn, plays a big part in keeping the eyes clear.

Squinting into the summer sun is a sure way to collect crow's feet and glare wrinkles, but a short sun-bath for normal eyes can really be beneficial and soothing.

Simply sit for a few minutes with closed eyelids, holding the face straight up to the sun to begin, and later turning it slowly from one side to the other, letting the rays reach each lid.

As the eyes accommodate themselves to the glare they can take more.

When that happens, instead of keeping the lids lowered, open and close them steadily in a slow, blinking action for up to a minute.

Beautiful Hands even while you work

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IN THE HOME
OR GARDEN



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£100 Prize Children's Party

A NURSERY-RHYME party meal which would delight the heart of any child! Familiar favorites—Mother Hubbard, the Queen of Hearts, The House That Jack Built, and the little pigs that went to market! Also shown, fruit candlesticks, Jack o' Lantern cake, Miss Muffet's spiders, banana-boat place-cards.

CHILDREN love a party, and, when the party meal is presented in an unusual manner, young and old enjoy the fun.

Selected recipes from consolation prizes awarded in this section and not included in "Cookery for Parties" are given on this page.

The following three recipes are from a consolation prize children's party entitled "A Witches' Banquet." The titles are fearsome, but the food is good and wholesome.

HALLOWEEN MOULD (Marble Birthday Cake)

Six ounces margarine or butter, 1½ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon cocoa, cochineal, green coloring.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and vanilla. Add beaten eggs a little at a time, mixing well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Divide mixture into 4 equal parts. Add cocoa to one, cochineal to second, green coloring to third, leave fourth portion uncolored. Line 8 or 9 in. square or round tin with 1 layer greased paper. Using a dessertspoon fill tin with alternate spoonfuls of each of the four mixtures. Pack mixture closely to avoid leaving air pockets. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 to 1½ hours or until cake shrinks slightly from sides of tin. Test if desired with fine steel knitting needle or skewer. Allow to stand in tin a few minutes before turning carefully on to cake cooler.

Old favorites from nursery rhymes are represented in the party menu which won the £100 prize in our £3000 Cookery Contest. Complete entertainment plan, working schedule, and recipes are given in "Cookery for Parties," now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls. Price, 2/-.

Remove paper and allow to become quite cold.

This is a birthday cake, so a thin coating of almond paste may be applied before covering icing is put on.

Economical Mock Almond Paste

Sift 1lb. icing-sugar and mix with 3oz. (by weight) fine white bread-crumbs. Mix to a firm, stiff paste with 3 dessertspoons sherry or orange juice, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Knead and roll thinly on board dusted with sifted icing-sugar. Mould over top and sides of cake, which have been previously brushed with white of egg. Smooth surface with hands lightly dusted with equal parts of icing-sugar and cornflour. Set overnight.

Covering Icing

Two cups icing-sugar, 2 teaspoons butter melted in 4 dessertspoons hot water, ¼ teaspoon vanilla, green coloring.

Sift icing-sugar thoroughly. Place in a large saucepan. Gradually add butter and water and vanilla; mix to a smooth, thick paste. Add green coloring a drop at a time until desired shade is reached. Stir with wooden spoon over low heat until softened to pouring consistency. Pour quickly over cake, smoothing surface if necessary with knife blade dipped in hot water. Allow to set before decorating.

Decoration

Beat 1 tablespoon butter to a soft cream; gradually work in 4 table-spoons well sifted icing-sugar and 1 dessertspoon cocoa. Beat until soft, light, and fluffy, adding a little milk if necessary, to make icing soft enough to pipe.

Pipe name and age of "witch" on top of cake—remembering that the age of witches increases by centuries, not years! Decorate sides of cake as desired and set required number of candles round edge.

JELLIED BAT'S WINGS (Jelly Souffle)

Two packets strawberry or raspberry jelly, 1½ pints boiling water, ¼ cup blanched, shredded almonds or chopped walnuts, 1 cup cooked prunes (seeded and cut into quarters), 4 slices cooked pineapple (or tinned), whipped cream or cream substitute, extra prunes and almonds to decorate.

Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water, cool. Pour quarter of mixture into large wetted mould, chill until firm. When balance of jelly is cold and beginning to thicken, whip with rotary beater until very thick and creamy. Fold in prunes, finely chopped pineapple, and nuts. Fill into mould, chill until firm. Unmould on to serving dish, decorate with prune "bats"—one whole prune

for body, 2 flattened prunes for wings, and thin almond strips for ears. Serve with cream or cream substitute.

TOADSTOOLS (Meringue Mushrooms)

Three egg-whites, pinch salt, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, ½ teaspoon vanilla, quantity fresh cream, cream substitute, or mock cream, cocoa, small quantity almond paste left from birthday cake.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt. Gradually add sugar, cornflour, and vanilla, and beat until sugar is dissolved and mixture stands in peaks. Place a teaspoonful at a time on greased oven slide. Bake in very slow oven until crisp and dry but not browned. Allow to cool.

Spread flat base of each meringue with cream, dust lightly with sifted cocoa. Make a small hole in centre and insert tiny stems made from almond paste.

COCONUT ICE

Two cups sugar, ½ cup milk, pinch cream tartar (or 1 teaspoon glucose), ½ cup coconut, pink coloring.

Boil sugar, milk, cream of tartar (or glucose) until a little of the syrup dropped into cold water can be moulded into a soft ball with the fingers. If a thermometer is available, boil to 236deg. F. Remove from heat, divide into 2 basins. Allow to cool. Add half the coconut to each basin, color one portion pink. Beat until very thick and creamy. Press one portion into small greased dish or half-pound chocolate box lined with wax paper. Press other portion on top. Cut into squares when cold.

TURKISH DELIGHT

Two cups sugar, 4 dessertspoons gelatine, ½ pint cold water, ½ pint hot water, grated rind and juice of

1 orange and ½ lemon, yellow and green coloring.

Soften gelatine in cold water, place in saucepan with sugar and hot water. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil steadily 20 minutes. Use a large saucepan, as mixture is apt to boil up and over. Divide into 2 bowls, cool slightly. Color one yellow, one green; flavor both with orange and lemon rind and juice. Pour into 2 wetted tins (mixture about 1 in. deep) or fill into fancy "frog" moulds. Chill until firm. Cut into squares (if not set in fancy moulds), roll in sifted icing-sugar.

GREEN FROGS

For Patties: Twelve ounces self-raising flour, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, flavoring essence or orange rind, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk.

Sift flour. Cream butter or substitute with sugar and flavoring. Beat in eggs and add sifted flour with milk, mixing to a smooth drop consistency. Spoon into greased patty tins or paper patties and cook in a hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) for 12 to 15 minutes.

For moulded decorations use mock almond paste as used for birthday cake on this page. For coatings use warm icing or boiled frosting; for piping use butter icing or royal icing.

Mould heads from mock marzipan and shape on top of patty cakes. Cover head and cake with soft green icing, warmed in pan to pouring point. Cut mouth and mark eyes. Stand frog on green nasturtium leaf. If in the baking the patty cake has risen to a good point it may not be necessary to mould frog's head, and the green icing and marking may be sufficient.

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"The majority of the public are content to spend their lives in that shadowed region between good health and frank illness."

Modern nutritional knowledge and in particular knowledge of the place of vitamins in diet, shows that a large part of the public exists on foods that are processed or that have had to spend long periods of time in transport—foods that are deficient in the vitamins that are necessary for perfect fitness. As a consequence civilized man often suffers from a vitamin deficiency that condemns him to "the shadowed region".

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FEW can resist chocolate cake! Filled with cream and topped with fudge frosting and almonds, this one is a worthy winner of this week's main prize of £5. See recipe on this page.



Cash prizes every week for recipes

FIRST prize of £5 goes, this week, to a velvety smooth chocolate layer-cake filled with cream and topped with a rich fudge frosting and almonds.

Three tablespoons of cocoa (blended with the quantity of milk stated in the recipe) may be substituted for the chocolate.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE

Half cup butter or margarine, 1½ cups brown sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 unbeaten eggs, 3oz. unsweetened melted chocolate, 2 cups plain flour, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 cup milk, cream or cream substitute.

Cream shortening, sugar, and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in melted chocolate and mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into 3 greased 7in. or two 5in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Sandwich with cream or cream substitute. Prepare butterscotch fudge frosting.

Frosting: Five ounces light brown sugar, ½ cup butter or margarine, 5oz. white sugar, 3 tablespoons milk, ½ cup water, blanched almonds.

Place brown sugar and shortening in a saucepan and cook over a low flame, stirring constantly until mixture darkens slightly (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat and add white sugar, milk, and water. Return to stove and cook without stirring until a small amount of the liquid forms a soft ball in cold water. (Approximately 8 minutes, or 235deg. F. to 238deg. F. if thermometer is used.) Remove from stove. Cool to lukewarm, then beat until consistency for spreading. If necessary, place over hot water to keep soft while spreading. Spread over top of cake; sides may be covered, too, if desired. Decorate with blanched almonds.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Quinn, "Araluen," Dawson St., Cook's Hill, N.S.W.

BRAIN PANCAKE WITH APPLE RINGS

Two sets brains, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, 1 to 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, ½ teaspoon meat or vegetable extract dissolved in 1 dessertspoon hot water, bacon fat, 2 apples, parsley to garnish.

Wash brains, soak ½ hour in salted water. Remove skin and membrane. Cover with cold water, bring to boil, drain. Cover with fresh cold water (or milk), season with salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes. Drain. Chop roughly,

CRISP oven-baked bread makes a crunchy base for these attractive savories. Topping of cooked carrot, mayonnaise, cheese and mint is delicious. See prizewinning recipe.



RHUBARB WHIRL

Six ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 3oz. shortening, 3 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice, 2 cups cooked, drained rhubarb (or rhubarb and apple), 1 cup rhubarb syrup, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 extra dessertspoon shortening.

Sift the flour, baking powder, and salt into basin. Rub shortening in well until the mixture looks like breadcrumbs. Mix to a dry dough with the water and lemon juice, turn on to floured board, and knead slightly. Roll to ¼in. thickness. Cover with the cooked, drained rhubarb. Moisten the edges and roll up like a Swiss roll. Cut halfway through into slices about 1½in. in width. Stand the roll, cut side up, in a greased, deep dish. Heat the syrup, sugar, and extra shortening until boiling and pour over the roll. Bake in a hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 375deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric, and cook for a further 20 minutes. Serve with hot custard or whipped cream or cream substitute.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Wallace, 1 Base Workshops, R.A.E.M.E., Bandiana, Vic.

Readers are reminded that this page is reserved for home-tested recipes. Cash prizes are awarded each week for the best entries.

then beat with a fork, gradually adding beaten egg, meat or vegetable extract, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley. Melt bacon fat in pan, add brain mixture, pressing out with fork into large flat cake. Brown on both sides, lift on to heated serving-dish. Keep hot. Add a little more bacon fat to pan, saute cored apple slices. Serve brain pancake in wedges, with apple slices and garnish of parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Mackay, 50 Edward St., Brighton, S.A.

CARROT RING SAVORIES

Slices of day-old sandwich bread cut ¼in. thick, butter, pepper, salt, large carrot rings, chopped mint, grated cheese, mayonnaise, parsley or mint sprigs to garnish.

Cut bread into circles with 1½in. cutter. Butter lightly, dust with salt and pepper. Bake in a slow oven until very lightly browned. Cook carrot slices in unsalted water until tender, drain. Remove centres with very small cutter, coat with melted butter, toss in chopped mint. Arrange a carrot ring on each bread circle. Moisten grated cheese with mayonnaise, flavor with chopped mint. Fill into centre hole of each carrot slice. Serve cold, garnished with parsley or mint, as afternoon tea or supper savories.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Scabornie, Exhibition Flats, Brooks St., The Valley, Qld.

Cool sweater for summer

Continued from page 48

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams, sew in sleeves seam to seam. Turn back underlap and hem neatly to wrong side of blouse. Turn back hem at lower edge to meet underlap and hem neatly to blouse. Turn back rim at lower edge of sleeve and hem to sleeve.

NECKBAND

With wrong side of blouse facing you, and using No. 13 needles, pick

up and knit about 122 sts. around neck and work in st-st. for 2in., having the purl side of band and right side of blouse. Fold band back, having purl sides facing each other, and hem to neck edge, being careful not to draw thread tightly.

Fold band again on to right side of blouse to form rolled edge, and sew neatly. Hem sleeves to correspond to neckband. Sew on buttons and press well, insert shoulder-pads.

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Eyes light up when they see these delicious creations. Made from choice, nourishing foods such as rich, creamy butter, eggs, crisp nuts and fruits, each "Old Gold" Chocolate in the half-pound box is a delicious taste-thrill. And remember, every one is coated with "Old Gold" Chocolate—the smoothest, richest chocolate of all.

And in every half-pound box twelve different varieties, twenty-three chocolates in two layers! New varieties too! New centres which make this famous assortment better value than ever!

*Two of the New Luscious
Varieties from this ½ lb.
Treasure Box of Flavours ...*



"ALMOND and RAISIN"

Chopped almonds and cashew nuts with whole juicy-sultanas blended together and coated with "Old Gold" Chocolate ... that's "Almond and Raisin."

A delicious confection of blanched, juicy almonds crushed into a thick, rich marzipan paste and wrapped in "Old Gold" Chocolate ... that's "Marzipan Finger."

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MORE and MORE MOTHERS
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GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, SAFE, RELIABLE



EASTERN VIEW of the prize-winning home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hanson, at Killara, N.S.W., which won for the architect-owner the Sir John Sulman Medal for domestic architecture. It was planned while the Hansons were living in a small flat.

Won coveted architecture prize

By EVE GYE,
Editor of our Homemaker
Section

SET well back on a sharply rising slope in winding Illeroy Ave., Killara, N.S.W., is a long and lovely modern home, which has won for its architect-owner the coveted Sir John Sulman Medal for domestic architecture.

A few weeks ago, the Council of the N.S.W. Chapter of the Royal Institute of Architects awarded the Sulman Prize to architect Albert Hanson for the design of his home illustrated on these pages.

First glimpses of Mr. Hanson's home were published in this section in November of last year.

Since then, the acre of bushland surrounding the house has been much improved. A stone playhouse for daughters Susan and Judith has gone up, and a cascade rockery and pool constructed, which can be seen through windows of entrance hall.

The living-room opens into a passageway which provides access to the kitchen and two bedrooms. The kitchen also opens out on to the front terrace for easy service of meals.

Fitted with a dining-nook, the kitchen has adequate cupboards, double compartment sink, and fluorescent lighting.

Both bedrooms open direct on to the garden to provide easy access for the children, and adequate ventilation on hot nights. Wardrobes are built in each bedroom.

Planned for complete segregation of study, living, and sleeping quarters, with the kitchen in the centre, there is yet easy access to living-room and bedrooms.

The walls and woodwork are pale grey and act as a background for bright colors in rugs and curtains. Floors of living-room, entrance hall, and studio are polished tallow wood.

Studio is furnished with blue curtains and a bright red Indian rug. The living-room has mushroom-colored Indian rugs, turquoise-blue patterned curtains. Venetian blinds are a light grey color. Kitchen cup-



SMALL DAUGHTERS Susan and Judith share this pretty bedroom, which opens on to the terrace. Drapes and bedcovers are blue floral heavy cotton. Walls are palest lavender, floor rug is in softest pink.

boards are painted grey with cherry-red lino to the bench tops.

All unnecessary mouldings and fittings have been eliminated. There are no picture-rails, no ceiling cornices, and architraves around the doorways are reduced to a minimum.

The exterior finish is of common bricks, bagged with excess mortar during construction, and painted with a synthetic resin paint a haze-blue color, which gives a very light grey surface, blending with the grey-green trunks of the gumtrees.

The woodwork and steel-frame windows are painted white to contrast with this color. The retaining wall to the terrace which has been built up in front of the house is constructed of coursed random rubble stonework. Similar stonework is used in the outside fireplace and chimney.

Extremely wide eaves on the north side have been constructed to provide protection from the sun.

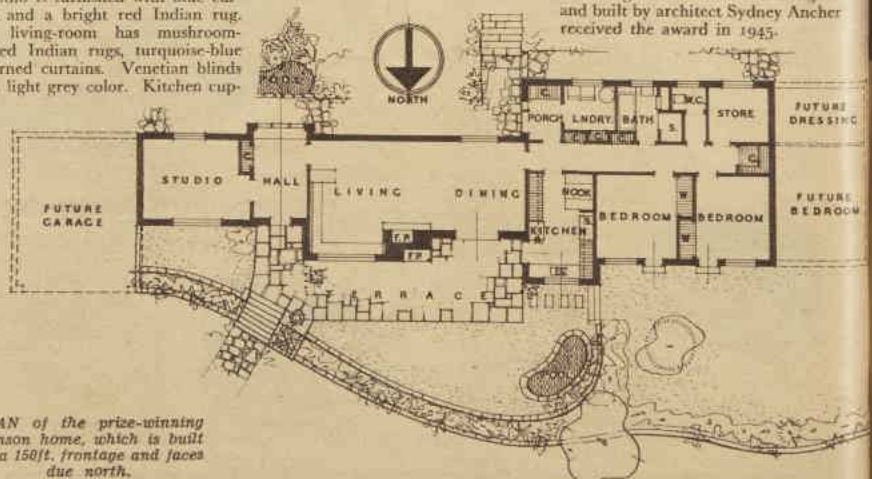
It is interesting to note that the



DESIGNED to create a feeling of coolness on hot days is the cascade rockery, seen here through the rear windows of entrance hall.

Hansons' home practically faces across the lovely bushland valley the home of a previous winner of the Sir John Sulman Medal for domestic architecture.

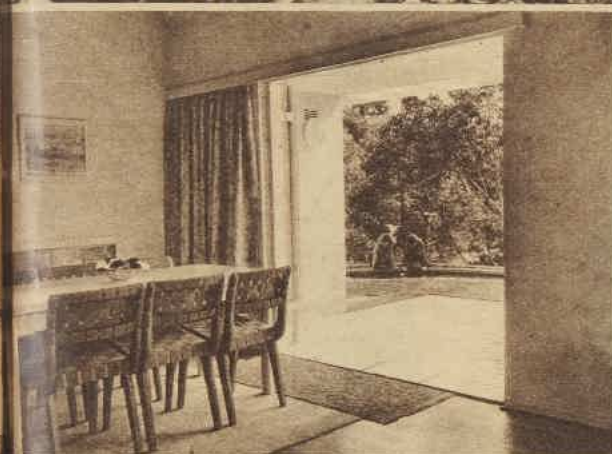
The glass-walled home designed and built by architect Sydney Ancher received the award in 1945.



PLAN of the prize-winning Hanson home, which is built on a 150ft. frontage and faces due north.



KITCHEN windows (shown at right) overlook the road below and have attractive bushland views.



DINING END OF the long living-room. This measures approximately 30ft. by 14ft. Wide glass doors lead on to terrace. Susan and Judith Hanson can be seen at the lilypond.



VIEW OF THE spacious living-room, features of which are the large stone fireplace and glass areas. Blue upholstery lounge units will replace chairs at end wall. Windows overlook terrace and lovely views.

Enemies in your garden

PESTS and diseases appear like magic when the warmer weather sets in.

Grubs, caterpillars, aphids, thrips, weevils, and beetles of many kinds succumb to sprayings of water-soluble D.D.T., but the toughies of the garden usually find lead arsenate too much for their digestive powers. Nicotine sulphate and soapy water is useful for killing aphids on plants that are eaten vegetatively, and derris is a good stand-by for most leaf-eaters on tender plants that will not survive D.D.T.

Most cucurbits, such as cucumbers, marrows, melons, rock-melons, and squashes, object to D.D.T., which burns their leaves, but the pests of these vegetables are easily controlled by sprayings of derris.

Tomatoes can take D.D.T., also spring cabbages, most flowers, beans (in their early stages before they start podding); also carrots, potatoes, corn, and turnips, but lettuces and silver beet should never be sprayed with this chemical.

One of the troublesome pests of tomatoes in late spring is the tomato mite, a microscopic pest that is invisible to the naked eye. It causes dying and browning of the lower leaves first, but the trouble extends upwards until the whole plant is wiped out. Control consists of dusting with equal parts of sulphur and hydrated lime.

Red spider often attacks beans, dahlias, violets, and other plants early in the season. These pests are tough, and require dusting with equal parts of lime and sulphur. Bean fly is another serious pest, but rarely appears before Christmas. Bean fly succumbs quickly to D.D.T. Spray as soon as plants show above soil.

Fruit fly causes endless loss and annoyance to gardeners. In recent years D.D.T. spray has been found effective—but it has to be used once a week from the time the fruit is half-grown until just before harvesting. Tartar emetic and sugar-water is another effective weapon against fruit fly.

Spotted wilt is probably the most serious of all tomato diseases. It affects cabbages, lettuces, petunias, zinnias, and innumerable other flowers. Control consists of killing thrips, the carriers of the disease, but there is no cure for wilt once it appears. Regular sprayings of either D.D.T. or tartar emetic and sugar-water will kill the thrips and reduce the liability of plants to the disease.—Our Home Gardener.



Lovely American Socialite

Mrs. George Jay Gould Jr.

Mrs. George Jay Gould Jr. has shining dark hair and brown eyes... a dramatic foil for her creamy complexion. "I think the new 'blush-cleanse' way of using Pond's Cold Cream is wonderful," she says. "It leaves my skin feeling so delightfully fresh and clean... glowing with the loveliest blush of color."

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"Blush-cleanse" your skin this way

1. Rouse your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue oil.
2. Blush-rinse. Cream again with snowy-soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
3. Tingle your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

RESULT: The freshest, softest face that ever looked back at you from your mirror!



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PROBLEMS ON WEANING BABY...

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE correct time to wean baby depends on several factors, such as the season of the year, the mother's state of health, and the condition of the baby.

The average age for weaning is at about nine months, but if baby reaches this age in midsummer it is often wise, if the mother is well and baby's progress is good, to delay this important event until the hottest weather is over.

Weaning should be a gradual process, but the small quantities of

educative foods usually now advised between six and nine months enable it to be accomplished more easily than formerly, in most cases.

However, physical and psychological problems sometimes arise during the weaning period, and a leaflet describing some of these, as well as simple instructions for weaning, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

YOU CAN BET ON IT

R.U.R. will win Health and Happiness for you in the shortest possible time. R.U.R. is Nature's great cleanser and protector from diseases. R.U.R. goes straight to the root of the trouble and purifies the bloodstream, making it alkaline and germ-resistant. Excess acids and toxins are washed away and every organ of your body is wonderfully refreshed. Best of all, R.U.R. keeps you free from all those complaints that attack the urinary-skin diseases, neuritis, lumbago, gout, stomach troubles, sciatica, rheumatism, constipation, liver troubles, gastritis, and many other common ailments. Better to SURE than SORRY. Start the day right by taking at your local chemist or store for the new 2- "Ready-to-Take" packet of R.U.R. It spicous and like sugar.

Pander to your palate

with these
PARTY DISHES
by
CLARE MITCHELL

GRAPEFRUIT SOUFFLE

- 1 Cup Hot Water
- 2 Dessertspoons Gelatine
- 1 Cup Mynor Grapefruit
- 2 Ozs. Sugar
- 2 Eggs.

1. Dissolve gelatine in hot water.
2. Beat egg yolks and sugar together. Gradually beat in Mynor Grapefruit, lastly whipping in the swiftly beaten egg whites.
3. Add gelatine and mix thoroughly.
4. When beginning to jell, whip again until it piles up. Serve very cold.

PASSIONFRUIT FOOL

- 1 Cup Mynor Pasito
- 1 1/2 Cups Milk
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Dessertspoon Sugar
- Nutmeg and Cinnamon to taste.

1. Beat eggs well. Add milk, sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg.
2. Place in a saucepan and cook gently, stirring all the time until thick and creamy, like melted butter. Do not boil.
3. When nearly cold stir in the Mynor Pasito and pour into a glass dish. Serve very cold.

LIME PRUNE TART

- 1 Pastry Shell cooked
- 1 lb. Prunes
- 2 Ozs. Sugar
- A few Chopped Almonds
- 1 Dessertspoon Arrowroot
- 1 Cup Mynor Lime Juice
- 1 Cup Water.

1. Make and cook the pastry shell.
2. Cook prunes with 2 ozs. of sugar and a little water until tender. Remove stones if necessary.
3. Put water on to boil, with sugar.
4. Blend arrowroot with a little water and add to boiling water and stir till it cooks and thickens. Cool by standing in cold water.
5. Stuff the prunes with chopped almonds and arrange in a pattern in the pie shell.
6. Beat the Mynor Lime Juice into the arrowroot mixture. Stir till smooth and clear.
7. Gently pour the syrup over the prunes until it forms a cover. Allow to set and serve with custard or cream whip.

NOTE: If you wet your fingers whilst handling prunes, the prunes will not stick to your fingers.

MYNOR LEMON

MYNOR ORANGE

MYNOR LIME

MYNOR TOPS

MYNOR RASPBERRY

MYNOR LEMON BARLEY

MYNOR GRAPEFRUIT

MYNOR PINEAPPLE

MYNOR PASITO

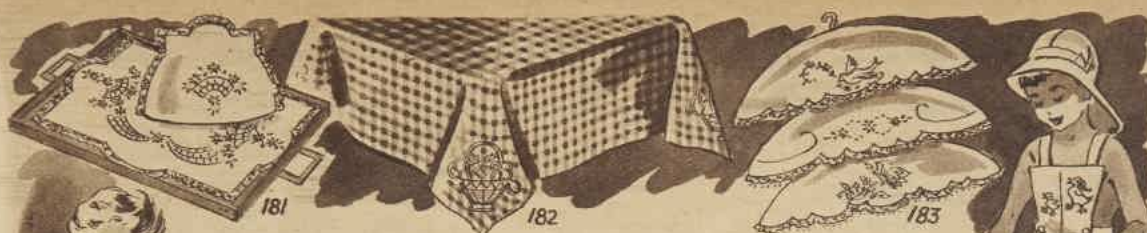
Mynor Pure Fruit Juice Cordials are obtainable throughout the country.



Presto! A little in a glass...iced water or soda...and there, ladies and gentlemen, you have a long, delicious drink! Then, keep pouring from the same bottle, till you've got a grand gallon of pure fruit drink! Magic indeed! In each bottle is crammed the wonderful flavour of the juices of oranges, lemons, pineapples and passion-fruit! Mynor Fruit Cup is first on the programme when you want ease of making, true economy and true enjoyment.

MYNOR FRUIT CUP





NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 180.—CHECK FROCK

This charming frock with the new collar and sleeves is cut out ready to machine in an unusual check cotton material in red/white, blue/white, green/white. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 20/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 21/9. Regd. postage 1/6 extra.

No. 181.—GOOD MORNING SET

Traced ready to embroider, this pretty set is in cream Irish linen, sheer linen in white, sky, pale lemon, pink, green, and blue, or a British cotton in green, lemon, pink, and pale blue. The cloth measures 11in. x 17in., serviette 11in. x 11in., cosy 7in. x 10in. Finish with a narrow lace edge (lace not supplied).

Price: Cloth, linen 3/11, cotton 2/6. Postage 3/4d. extra. Serviette, linen 1/3 each, cotton 9d. each. Postage 2/4d. extra. Cosy, linen 3/3, cotton 2/3. Postage 3/4d. extra. Complete set, linen 8/3, cotton 5/3. Regd. postage 10/4d. extra.

No. 182.—CHECK APPLIQUE CLOTH

Gay and simple to launder, this 45in. x 45in. green check gingham cloth is traced ready to applique on each corner in bright contrasting colors. When it is completed, turn up a 1in. hem and machine or hemstitch. Price, 6/11. Regd. postage 1/- extra.

No. 183.—COAT HANGERS

Traced ready to embroider, these three dainty coat hangers are in pale lemon, sky, pink, green, and blue sheer linen, or white, green, blue, pink, and lemon organdie.

Price: Linen, 3/11 each. Postage 3/4d. extra. Set of three, 11/3. Regd. postage 10/4d. extra. Organdie, 2/3 each. Postage 2/4d. extra. Set of three, 6/3. Regd. postage 8/4d. extra.

No. 184.—BOYS' SUNSUIT AND SOU'WESTER

Crisp and cool, this sunsuit and sou'wester are ideal for summer weather. Cut out and ready to sew, the material is a British headcloth in blue, lemon, green, and white. Two ducks are traced ready to embroider on the sunsuit.

Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs., sunsuit 3/11, sou'wester 3/6, complete outfit 7/3. Length 19in., 3yrs., sunsuit 4/3, sou'wester 3/9, complete outfit 7/9. Length 20in., 4yrs., sunsuit 4/11, sou'wester 3/11, complete outfit 8/6. Length 23in., 5-6yrs., sunsuit 5/11, sou'wester 4/3, complete outfit 9/9. Postage: Sunsuit, 6/4d. extra. Sou'wester, 3/4d. extra. Complete outfit, age 2yrs., 3yrs., 4yrs., 10/4d. extra, regd.; 5-6yrs., 1/- extra, regd.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 180, 181, 183, 184, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5664.—One-piece with a pretty scooped neckline and unusual drapes at the hipline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 44yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5665.—Infant's layette includes six attractively designed garments. Sizes, infants'. Requires 1yd. for pithers, 1yd. for bonnet, 1yd. for frock, 1yd. for slip, 1yd. for nightgown, 1yd. for coat, 10yds. lace edging. All in 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F5666.—Beach coat and matching two-piece swimsuit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for swimsuit and 2yds. 36in. material for coat. Price, 2/8.

F5667.—One-piece has snug bodice with curved collar, self-material sash, and flared skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 44yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5668.—One-piece designed with a cool, low-cut neckline, fitted midriff, and moderately full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 1/11.

• To Order: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on Page 49.

FIT FOR NEW FASHIONS



LUCAS Silo-ette SLIPS

Whatever your taste in fabric, style or colour, there's a Lucas Silo-ette Slip that will flatter your figure. Check the chart below for your correct size.

SIZE	BUST	HIP	LENGTH
12	33	36	44 or 45
14	35	37	44 or 46
16	37	39	44 or 46
18	39	41	45 or 47
20	41	43	45 or 47
22	43	45	45 or 47

Write to E. Lucas & Co., 77 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, for the name of a store close by that stocks Silo-ette Slips.

FACIAL HAIRS

Simple Home Treatment

Sufferers from superfluous hairs should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

is a scientific discovery by Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly de-vitalises and then destroys the hair. It has no detrimental effect on the skin and is simple and pleasant to use.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle (Post 6/6) from Hallam's Pty. Ltd., 212 George St., Sydney, and all branches: Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; Swift's Pharmacy, 370 Little Collins St., Melb.; and Barks Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 57B Rundle St., Adelaide.

Pain soothed instantly

BOILS BROUGHT TO A HEAD

Quicker

Nature often causes a boil to come to a head and thus ease painful misery. BUT doctors agree that moist heat, coupled with a poultice action, helps bring boils to a head quicker. An easy, practical way for you to apply moist heat is by using proven, world-famous



Antiphlogistine

W-H-O-O-SH!

The New Season's
Casben SWIM SHORTS
are launched!

*splash of new seafaring fabrics, new sleek styles
—and a new SURPRISE feature
—for men in the swim!*

Riding the biggest breakers, diving from the top towers, sunning on golden sands . . . wherever there's water and sunny skies you'll see the new Casben Swim Shorts. How good they look . . . *how good they feel!* Get into Casbens yourself and you'll know just how much free-and-easy comfort goes with those handsome looks!

Illustrated at right: Casben Boxer style Swim Shorts in Maroon, with the correctly-designed inner trunk support that is Casben's hidden asset.

LOOK! A "SEALY" Water Wallet in every pocket!

It's Casben's new *surprise* feature, designed to keep your watch and small valuables safe from sand . . . safe under water!

No problem—now—about where to park your watch, your car or locker keys, your folding money! Take 'em swimming with you, in the SEALY Water Wallet that comes—at no extra charge—with your new season Casben Swim Shorts!

SEALYS are made of strong, transparent plastic. They're sandproof, waterproof, and designed to fit into Casben fob pockets so snugly you won't know yours is there!

Your SEALY will fit just as snugly in your Casben Walk Short pocket, too. If you go fishing, boating, out in heavy weather, you'll find SEALY more than handy for looking after all the little things you want to keep safe and dry!

(SEALY is exclusive to Casben.)

WATER SPORTS CALL FOR

Casben
LOOK FOR THE
CASBEN OVAL!

"Swim N' Play"
SWIM SHORTS

Prices from 25/6,
Sydney and Suburbs
—slightly more elsewhere.

DESIGNED AND PRODUCED BY PICKWICK PRODUCTIONS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

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